Winter 2014

TASCHEN



IT'S JUST A SHOT AWAY

The Rolling Stones' official photographic record Page 82

MARVEL AGE OF COMICS

A mighty history – the first 75 years Page 100

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Compelling communist artifacts from East Germany Page 134

HEAVEN AND HELL

William Blake's epic visions of Dante's *The Divine Comedy*

Page 22

Photo by David Bailey

Est. 1980

Variety is the spice of life!


Perhaps
the English have
an *unfair advantage*
dunhill
LONDON
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Los Angeles, November 2014

Dear Bookworms,

Marvel-lous times at TASCHEN — a season jam-packed with Superheroes, Superweirdos, and Supervillains!

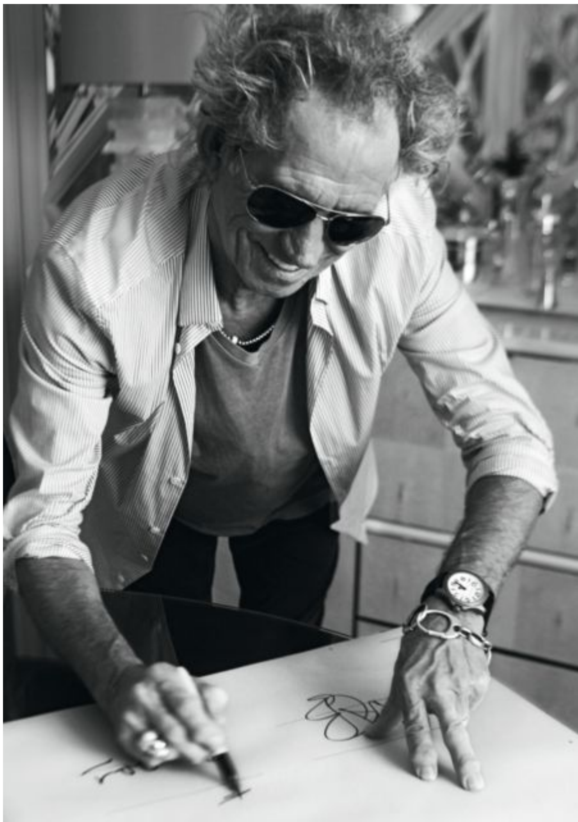
Here are two perfect examples of the first category. Happy endings! After a gestation period of three and a half years, Stan is finally holding his beloved newborn baby in his hands. His support was priceless and essential to produce this tome presenting Marvel's mighty 75-year history (p. 100).



Marvel legend Stan Lee
cracks open the first copy of our opus magnum, *75 Years of Marvel*, Beverly Hills, October 2014

Over in Philadelphia, Keith gave his autograph to the definitive book on the greatest Rock 'n' Roll band ever! Over four years in the making, it's finally done, signed by all four members of the band, and ready for the stores, in time for Christmas. Sorry if this sounds hyperbolic, but I think this is a rocktastic sensation, almost a miracle (p. 82)!

Then there's the crazy shit! When psychedelia went awry, superweirdo porn baron Michael Thevis was first in line. Everybody wanted him, but most of all the FBI (for murder), hungry perverts who ate up his mags filled with free-loving hippie models...and now TASCHEN, as we serve up the ultimate '70s porn compendium for connoisseurs of bad taste (p. 118).



Keith keeps it real and writes TASCHEN history.
Philadelphia, 2013, photographed by his manager Jane Rose

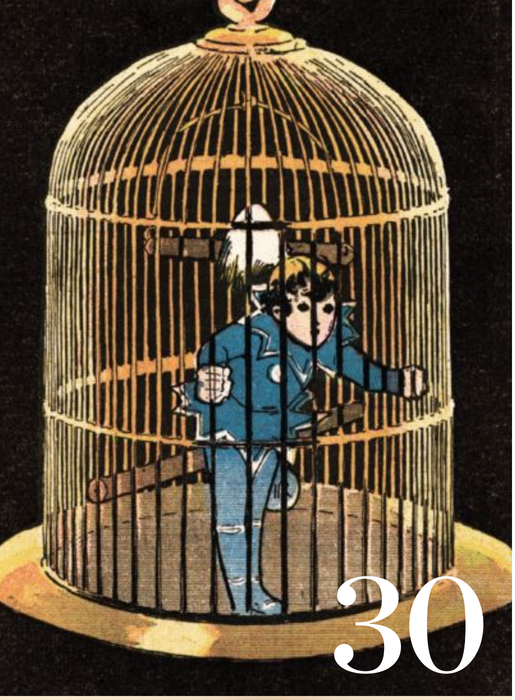
Out of the darkness steps the Red Darth Vader, supervillain Erich Honecker, who lorded over the former East Germany with an iron fist. Justin Jampol, a bright and energetic young American, found himself picking up the pieces of the Hammer and Sickle Empire, assembling the world's largest collection of East German artifacts at the Wende Museum in Los Angeles. 25 years after the fall of the Berlin Wall, we are there to catalog this incredible collection and reconstruct Iron Curtain history in a 904-page tome (p. 134).

So my friends, little did I know that these guys, gals, and ghosts who shaped me would visit me again and I would be able to share them with you in these supercool books.

Have fun, buy them all, and add some pleasure to your life! Thank you for your continuous support.

Peace,

Benedikt Taschen



Est. 1980

TASCHEN

Never bore, always excite!

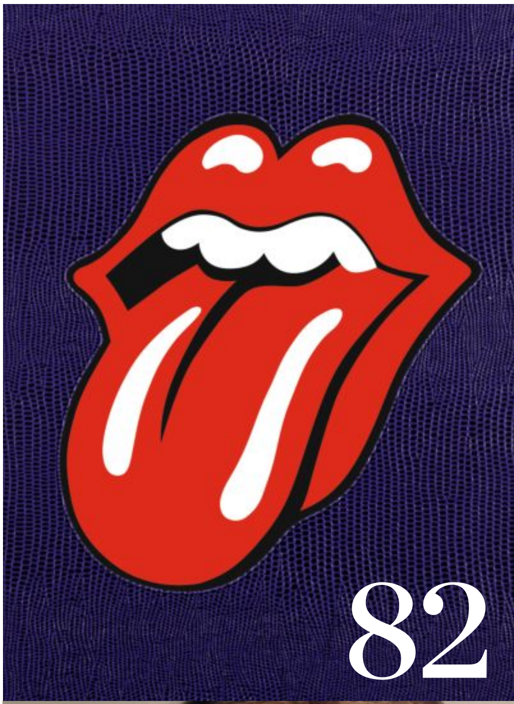
Front cover: Mick Jagger, London, 1973 © David Bailey.



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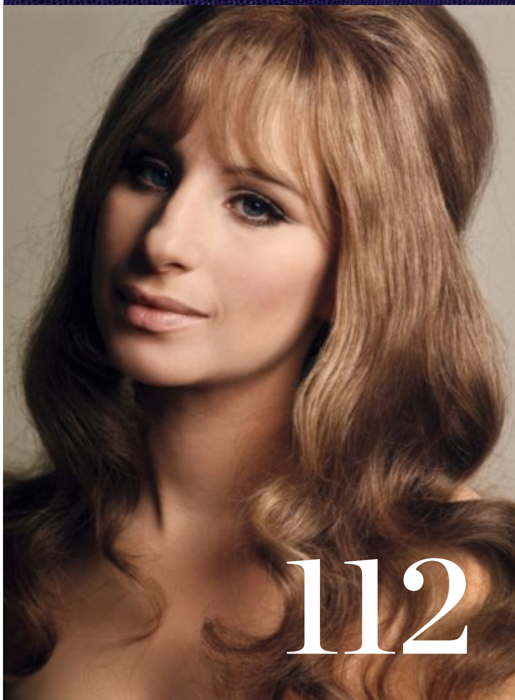
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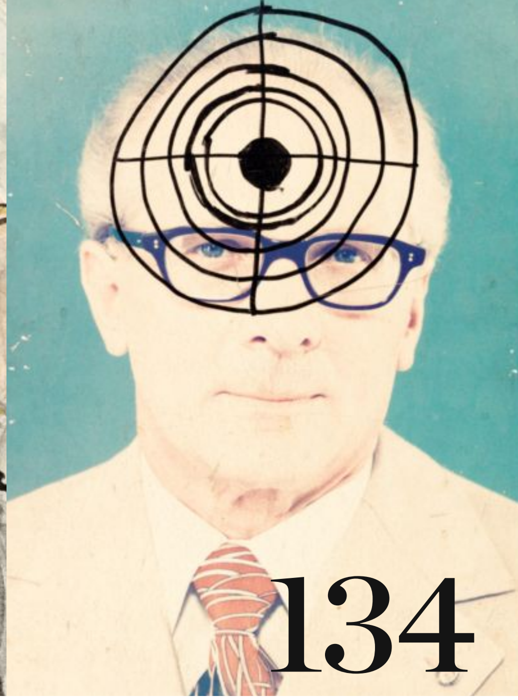


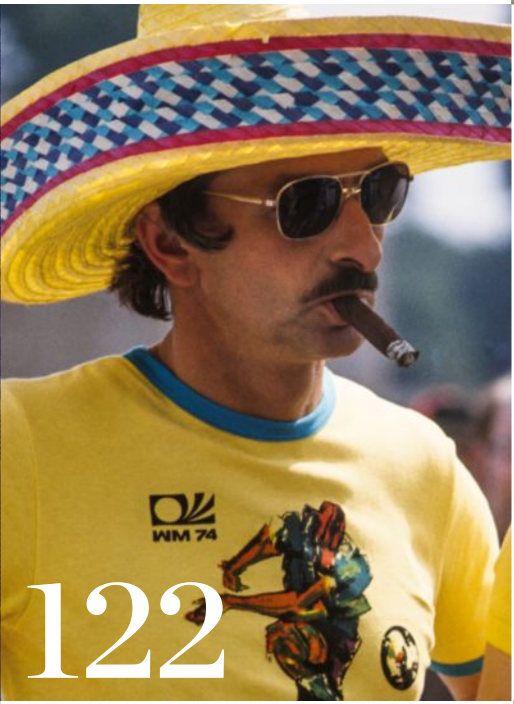


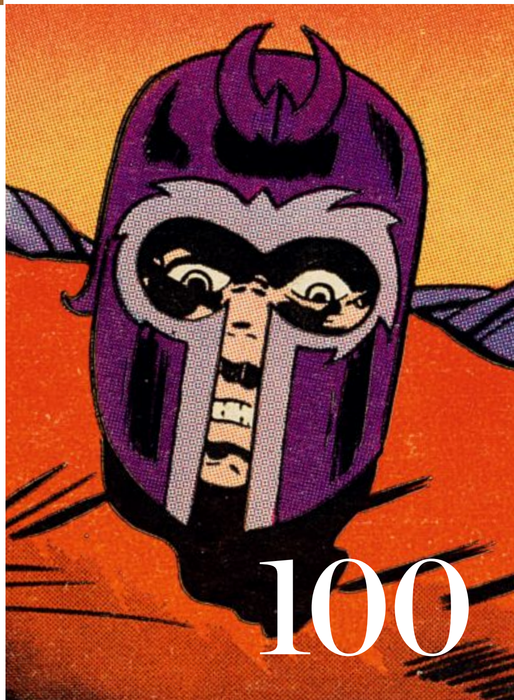


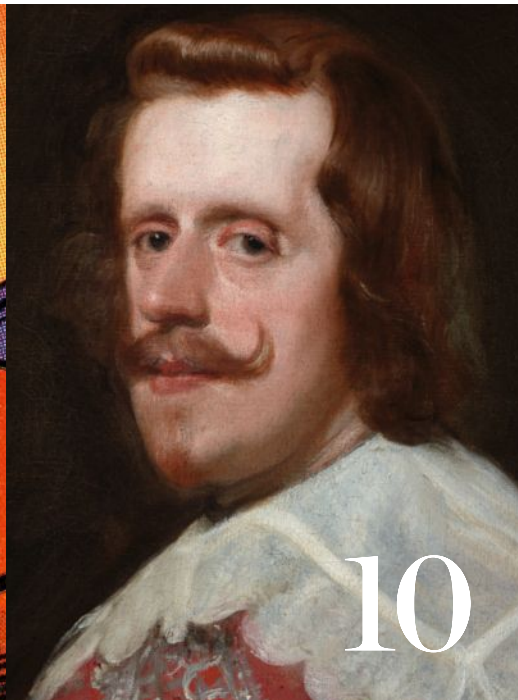



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134


WM 74
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My favorite TASCHEN book is...

Celebrities share their recommendations

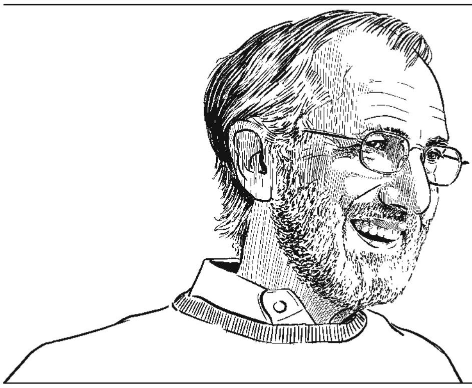
Illustrations by Robert Nippoldt

“My latest favorite TASCHEN title *Man meets Woman* is so much fun! Yang Liu’s little booklet is brimming with subtle wit and makes for a brilliant dinner conversation, preferably with your loved one!”



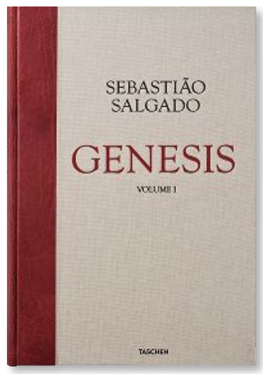
ELLEN VON UNWERTH

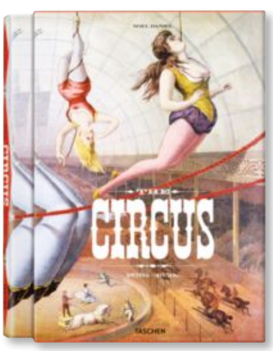




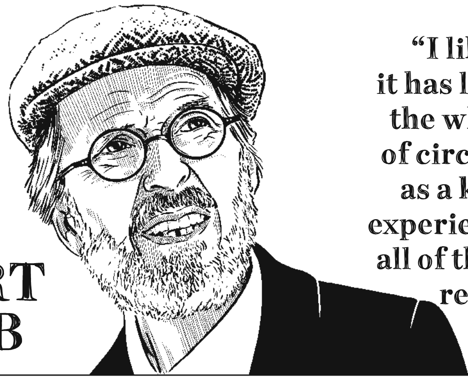
RENZO PIANO

“This amazing book is Salgado’s love letter to the planet. I love the planet too. Look at the icebergs, at the mountains, at the forests, at the rivers: they take your breath away. But I am an architect, and I love challenging all this immense and frightening beauty by building shelters for human beings.”





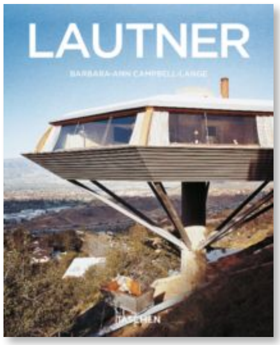
ROBERT CRUMB



“I like the *Circus* book because it has lots of nice big lurid photos, the whole grotesque bizarreness of circuses. I went to one of these as a kid. It was an overpowering experience, and the book captures all of that. Oh, and there are great reproductions of colorful old circus posters.”

JEREMY SCOTT

"It's the John Lautner book. Perhaps selfishly so I can show pictures of my house when it was first built in 1947 by the master himself."

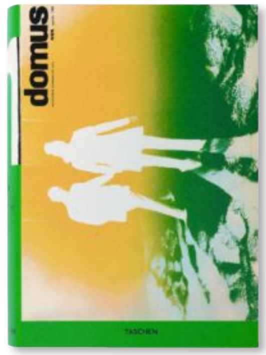




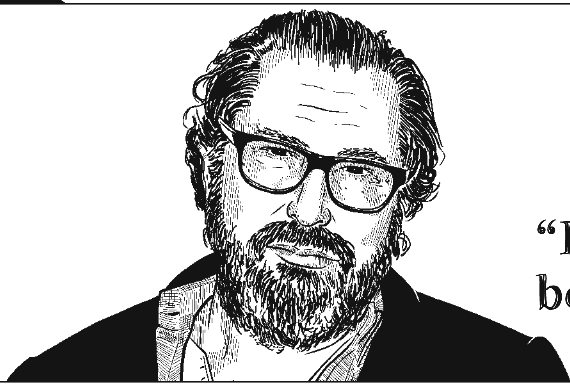


"Before all else, to have these books, I'm happy that Benedikt Taschen exists to make them. In 1960, Jeanne-Claude and I met Gio Ponti, founder of *domus magazine*. My favorite TASCHEN book is the reprinting of all the *domus 1928–1999*."

CHRISTO



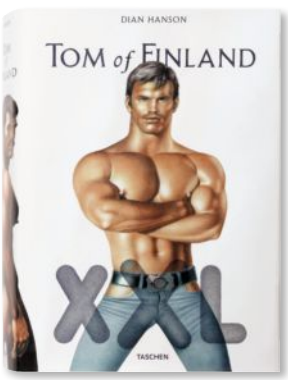




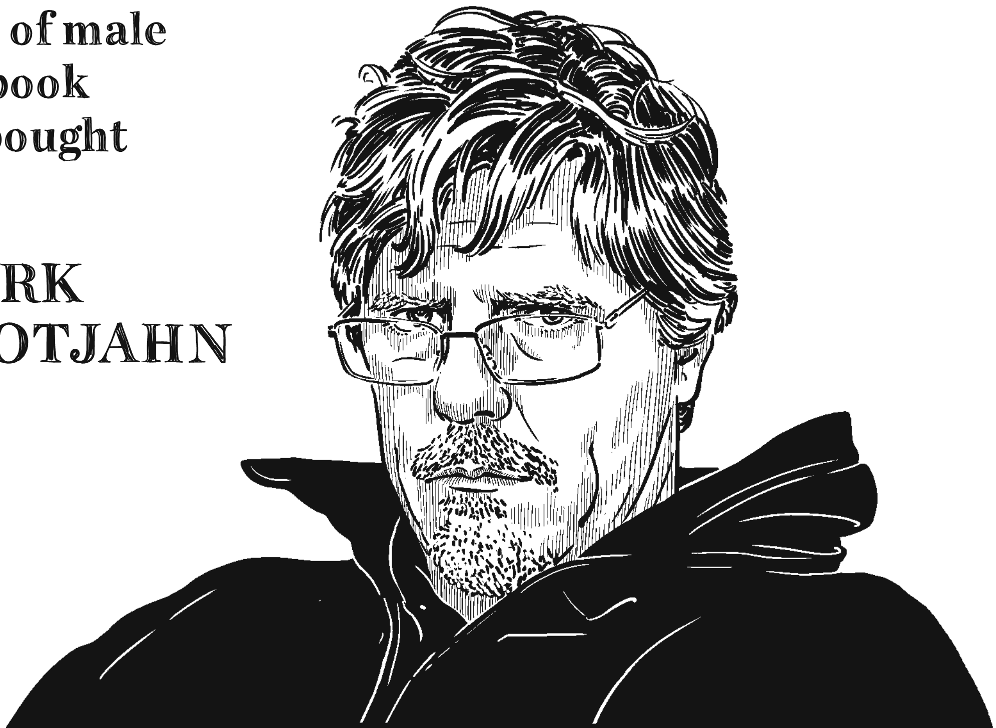
JULIAN SCHNABEL

"I like the *Neo Rauch* book because it looks like a real book."

"Holy shit! Such a good fucking drawer. Full-on, over-the-top celebration of male sexuality. I got the book and 5 years later I bought a drawing."



MARK GROTJAHN



Truth or dare?

An interview with designer Yang Liu, who depicts simplistic clichés about men and women in clever pictograms

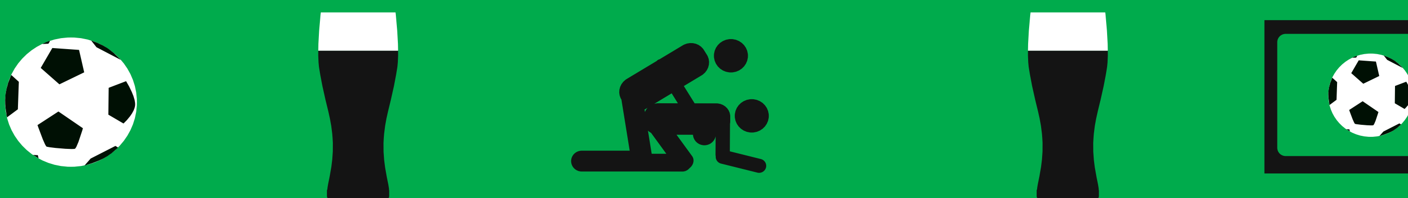


You've lived in China, Germany, the USA and Britain. What differences have struck you between these countries?
Even in their ancient traditions towards the origins of humankind, the cultures are already very different. In China, humankind was created by a goddess, a friend to humanity. In the Christian traditions of Western Europe and the United States, you pray to a male god as humankind's creator. These traditions still have a bearing on these cultures today.

In China there was never a women's movement on the same scale as in Germany, but in practice the process of emancipation has in some ways made greater advances. Women have been independent for more than 60 years, which is why the social role of stay-at-home housewife is completely unknown to Chinese women of my generation. It simply doesn't exist anymore. It has become common in metropolises such as Beijing and Shanghai for men to be running the household almost exclusively, and it is entirely normal for women, including young women, to hold positions in management. In Germany a distinction still has to be made between the western and the eastern regions. The West has a very long and eventful path of emancipation behind it, and Germany is certainly a leader in many respects when it comes to equal rights. But there are very many households in which the women have to cope with most of the domestic jobs that need doing, especially when it comes to childcare. In eastern Germany, on the other hand, women are far more independent and less bound to traditional roles, probably on account of its political past, similar to that in China. Throughout Germany, however, people are still surprised to see women (and in particular young women) in positions of leadership.

Do the pages reflect your own experiences of gender equality?
In this book as in my last one, *East meets*

perfect evening

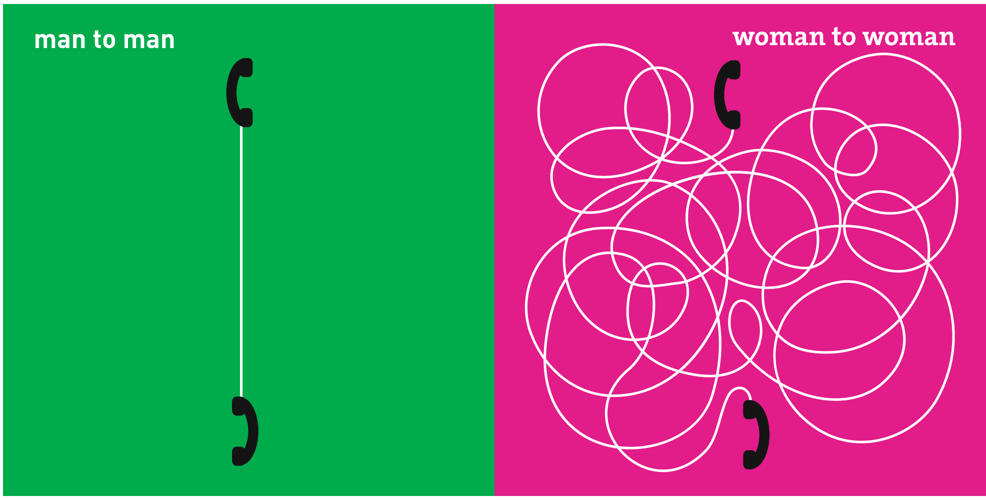




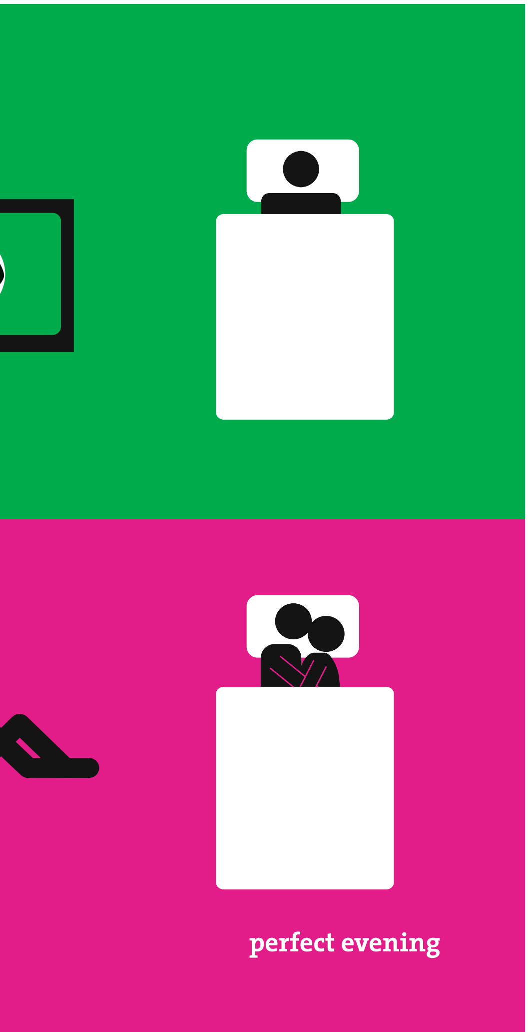
West, I have tried to go beyond the limits of experiences that concern me personally. *Man meets Woman* is not a self-portrait, but rather a documentation of my impressions of gender roles and equality. So the primary question is not whether and to what extent I identify with these themes personally, but their ongoing relevance.



What, in your view, would represent equality of the sexes?
In a truly equal world, everyone would have to be able to be who they are, without any artificial behavior. Perception ought to be gender-neutral. One of the spreads in my book shows a man standing very dominantly in front of a woman: he is immediately judged disparagingly as macho. By contrast, a woman adopting the same pose in front of a man is seen in a positive light, as feisty or strong-minded. Although it seems funny at first sight, it reflects an inequality in our perception. A man, for example, should be able to wear dresses without people looking at him strangely, and a woman should likewise be able to attend meetings in a dress rather than a trouser suit, without having to worry about whether it makes her look sufficiently professional.



How long did you work on the book?
I began the work about six or seven years ago, after my last book came out. I chose the subject because it is so universal – a topic that concerns me and my friends around the world. Women and men complain and make jokes about the same problems in cities the world over. The book took even clearer shape after the circumstances of my own life changed and I was able to see many themes from a different perspective. Just as in my previous book, it is absolutely not my intention to preach. I would be very happy if my readers, looking at this book, were able to laugh at themselves. That is a major prerequisite for being able to look at our partner differently.



Is there a reason why you like using pictograms so much?
Pictograms are the earliest means of communication in all cultures. Simple illustrations slowly developed into pictorial characters and then into scripts as we know them today. I want to keep my visual means as concise as possible so that the content is in the foreground. In traditional Chinese culture, it is considered the highest of art forms to portray profound content with the fewest visual means. That tradition has also undoubtedly influenced me on a formative level.

You play with clichés and stereotypes. Why is this significant?
Many themes are just as present and relevant today as they were 30 years ago, and so for me they are not really clichés or stereotypes, but more perhaps the little truths of our time that we don't want to see or don't want to acknowledge. Through this book, I hope to encourage men and women to approach their dealings with one another with a bit more humor. I would like it to be the sort of book where you can laugh at yourself and be entertained, but also take it on board and exercise a little more tolerance when interacting with others.



Yang Liu. Man meets Woman
Hardcover, 128 pp.
$ 15 / € 12 / £ 10

The painter's painter

Light, color, and penetrating portraits from Velázquez, Spain's Golden Age luminary



I shall be satisfied as long as He is glorified:
Portrait of Mother Jerónima de la Fuente (detail, 1620), one of the rare paintings of a female mystic at the time of Velázquez, shows the Franciscan nun, who was the founder and first abbess of the Convent of Santa Clara, Manila, Philippine Islands.





Manet called him "the greatest painter of all." Picasso was so inspired by his masterpiece Las Meninas *that he painted 44 variations of it. Monet and Renoir, Corot and Courbet, Degas, Dalí, and Francis Bacon… for so many champions of modern art, the ultimate soundboard was – and remains - Diego Rodríguez de Silva y Velázquez.*

A master of technique, Velázquez excelled in merging color and light, line and mass to fix even the most subtle of features onto canvas. He took portraiture to breathtaking new heights, finding the pathos and the humanity of every face, whether it be a king, a pope, or an old woman cooking eggs.

"It is certainly true that Velázquez lavished the most mysterious element of his art on the dwarfs, simpletons and buffoons that he portrayed as though they were gods or, rather, as beings through which the divine shines forth."
— María Zambrano



Opposite
Aesop (detail), ca. 1639–1641
Velázquez portrays Aesop, the Greek writer of the Fables, as a thoroughly flesh-and-blood figure, who despite his shabby dress exudes a commanding presence.

The Buffoon Juan Calabazas, ca. 1637–1639
Buffoons, dwarfs, and fools provided welcome entertainment at the court of Philip IV, where they injected light relief into the otherwise rigid etiquette. In his portrait of *The Buffoon Juan Calabazas*, Velázquez captures his sitter with dignity and sensitivity.

Don Pedro de Barberana y Aparregui, 1631–1632

Don Pedro de Barberana y Aparregui was a member of Philip IV's Privy Council. In 1630 he was made a knight of the distinguished Order of Calatrava and probably commissioned this portrait soon afterwards. Velázquez shows Don Pedro displaying the red cross of the Order prominently on his doublet and cape.

Opposite

Philip IV in Old Age (detail), ca. 1651–1654

During his career as court painter, Velázquez executed various portraits of Philip IV, allowing us to watch the king grow older with the passing years. This canvas is one of the last such portraits and shows Philip approaching the age of 50.



> "What delighted me most in Spain, what alone would have made the journey worthwhile, was the work of Velázquez. He is the painter of painters."
>
> — Édouard Manet





Opposite

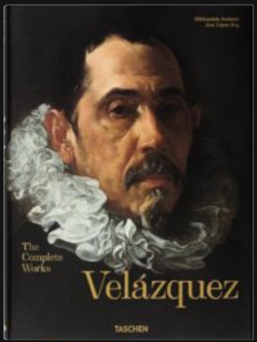
Doña Antonia de Ipeñarrieta y Galdós with One of her Sons (detail), 1631–1632

Doña Antonia de Ipeñarrieta was a high-born lady-in-waiting to Queen Isabella II of Spain. She was married twice, first to Don Garcia Pérez de Araciel, a knight of the Order of Santiago, and following his death to Diego del Corral y Arellano, Judge of the Council of Castile and professor at the University of Salamanca, with whom she had six children.

Lady with a Fan, ca. 1635

The identity of the famous Lady with a Fan remains an enigma, but recent studies suggest that she may have been French, not Spanish. The painting is first documented at the start of the 19th century in the collection of Napoleon's brother, Prince Lucien Bonaparte.





XL

Velázquez. Complete Works
Wildenstein Institute,
José López-Rey, Odile Delenda
Hardcover with fold-out, 416 pp.
$ 150 / € 99.99 / £ 99.99

"The definitive work on Velázquez".

— El País, Madrid

Exploring the Valley of the Kings

Émile Prisse d'Avennes' devoted drawings of Ancient Egyptian art and architecture



Tomb discovered in the valley of el-Assasif.
A painted reconstruction of a tomb from the valley of el-Assasif, on the West Bank of Thebes, a center for funerary monuments. The Egyptians never ceased to surround their dead in their underground temples with objects which had been dear to them during their life.



Native of the land of Punt (17th Dynasty, ca. 1622-1540 B.C.) Dressed in a simple loin-cloth and armed with a stick, an Asiatic figure with male features is driving a donkey laden with full panniers. The figure is a native of the land of Punt, a region from where the ancient Egyptians imported precious raw materials like gold, ebony, and ivory. The picture was sculpted and painted on the external wall of the temple at el-Assasif, on the West Bank of Thebes.



ANCIENT EGYPT IN MODERN TIMES

by Salima Ikram

During the 19th century, many travellers to Egypt were so seduced by its marvels and monuments that they recorded all that they saw in careful notes, diaries, and drawings. With their rapturous travel accounts, these voyagers became the earliest, and some of the most influential, Egyptologists, long before this discipline was even properly established.
Achille-Constant-Théodore-Émile Prisse d'Avennes (1807–1879) was one such traveller. A passionate observer, Prisse did not limit his interests to ancient Egypt but instead studied Egyptian art and architecture right through to the Islamic period. Often under the Egyptian pseudonym of **Edris Effendi**, he first embarked on his explorations in 1836, documenting sites throughout the Nile Valley and across numerous ancient Egyptian eras. Prisse's first publication of notes, drawings and squeezes (a kind of frottage) came in the form of *Les Monuments égyptiens*, a modest collection of 51 plates, but one met with considerable acclaim in both popular and intellectual circles.
Encouraged by his success, Prisse returned to Egypt in the late 1850s to expand his work. His subsequent, vast oeuvres, *L'Histoire de l'art égyptien* and *L'Art arabe*, offer a truly complete survey of Egyptian art. Even when compared to the products of the great state-sponsored expeditions to Egypt of this period, this compendium remains the largest, single-handed illustrated record of Egyptian art in existence. In its accuracy and its sensitivity, Prisse's work marks a real leap from that of other artists of his time. His vast project covers architecture, drawing, sculpture, painting and industrial or minor arts. The sections, plans, architectural details and surface decoration of the façade of each monument are all documented and depicted to perfection. In addition to his skill as an artist, Prisse's work is also testimony to his historical, social and religious understanding. As sensitive and accurate as it is encyclopaedic, his vast enterprise remains invaluable and unsurpassed in the study of ancient Egypt. Prisse's accurate and sensitive recording of Egyptian art throughout the 3,000 years of Egyptian history (and beyond) has provided us with a record and an unparalleled understanding of ancient Egyptian architecture, sculpture, painting and even industrial arts.

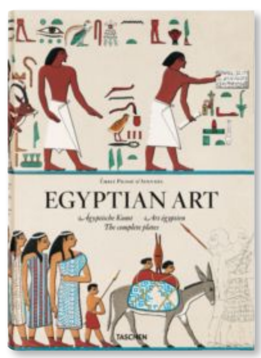


Can you tell us how Prisse managed these vast expeditions and publications?
Salima Ikram: Prisse was an unusual and ambitious man with a great sense of adventure. It was this that first led him to Egypt and then to strike out on his own explorations. Travelling by himself or with just a few others, he managed to cover a lot of ground and to document a vast number of sites, and historical eras, along his way. Prisse was aided by his knowledge of the country, its customs and its language, as well as by important local contacts, such as Dr Henry Abbott in Cairo, with whom he founded a literary group to discuss Egyptian art and history. His Egyptian persona, Edris Effendi, also provided him with greater ease of travel, and with opportunities to visit places into which Westerners would not typically gain access.

What is especially interesting about Prisse's albums from an artistic perspective?
SI: Prisse's work is clean, not overly prettified and more true to the images made by the ancient Egyptians than the output of other artists of the period who persisted in putting a Classical stamp on their representations, or painted Egypt in an overly naïve way. The particular situation whereby a single person executed all the final illustrations and oversaw the production of the publication also gives Prisse's work a harmonious unity lacking in other compendia of the 19th century.
Interestingly, Prisse's section on architecture consists not only of images of buildings but also of ancient Egyptian depictions of buildings, particularly those found on the walls of the tombs of Amarna.
Prisse's attention to ornamental patterns is also especially valuable to Egyptian art history since he is able to trace the variation of patterns over time and geography. He evokes the idea, long-discussed among scholars, of ancient pattern books that circulated throughout Egypt and influenced the plans and decorations of monuments.

What kind of influence did Prisse's work have?
SI: There is no doubt that the trends and affection for Egyptian objects and themes found throughout Europe in the latter half of the 19th century were influenced by Prisse's publications. His catalog was particularly interesting to those who worked in design and served as a template for decorative arts. In their eye for artistic detail and variation, these rich images may also have influenced the late 19th- and early 20th-century Arts and Crafts movement, as well as Art Nouveau.

Salima Ikram is professor of Egyptology at the American University in Cairo.



XL

Émile Prisse d'Avennes. Egyptian Art
Hardcover, 424 pp.
$ 150 / € 99,99 / £ 99.99

Art and the afterlife

On the 750th anniversary of Dante's birth, discover William Blake's visionary illustration of *The Divine Comedy*





Capaneus the Blasphemer

As they travel through the Seventh Circle of Hell, Dante and Virgil come upon Capaneus, one of the seven kings who once waged war on the city of Thebes. In his great pride, Capaneus provoked Jupiter who killed him with a bolt of lightning. Here, Capaneus resides under a rain of fire as punishment for his blasphemy.

Imagination ablaze

Dante, Blake, and epic visions of heaven and hell
By Sebastian Schütze

William Blake, social-revolutionary, utopian, and esoteric prophet, was among the greatest figures in English culture around 1800. Working as a poet, draughtsman and printmaker, Blake was highly esteemed by artist friends such as John Flaxman and Henry Fuseli but viewed by the majority of his contemporaries as an eccentric figure. The writer Edward FitzGerald, described him as "a genius with a screw loose".
Between 1824–1827, Blake produced 102 spectacular drawings illustrating Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy,* widely regarded as the most visionary interpretations of the famous poem. Although he had himself never been to Italy, Blake had long been familiar with Dante (1265–1321), and recognized in his verses a kindred spirit.
Celebrated around the world as a literary monument, *The Divine Comedy*, completed in 1321, is arguably the greatest work ever composed in the Italian language. The epic poem describes in 100 cantos and 14,233 lines Dante's journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. On a deeper level, the voyage represents the soul's path towards salvation. The idea of the hereafter has been shaped for centuries by the inventive power and the audacity of Dante's verses: His complex architecture of the Hell has no

> "The idea of the hereafter has been shaped for centuries by the inventive power of Dante's verses."

literary or theological precedents. It envisages a funnel, deep in the darkness, and situated beneath the city of Jersusalem, like an abyss at the center of the earth. It is a rigorous place of punishment, organized according to precise hierarchies of sins.
Dante's poetic language is infused with powerful imagery in such a way that the realms of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise assume compelling form, and even the abstract and the alien can seem suddenly familiar. Dante's poetic imagination draws on many sources, combining his own experience with extensive reading and a veritable cosmos of images. The forbiddingly steep ascent of Mount Purgatory, for example, is compared with the Pietra di Bismantova, a rocky plateau in the Italian

> "Blake, like many other artists, was especially fascinated by the gruesome torments of Hell."

Appennines. The patterning of the speckled scaly hide of Geryon, Guardian of the Eighth Circle of Hell, is likened to the carpets woven by the Tatars and the Turks. The tensed body of the giant Antaeus, who sets Dante and Virgil down on the ice of the swamp Cocytus in Hell, recalls the flexed mast of a storm-tossed ship that, in the very next moment, will spring back.
The power of such verbal images and Dante's references to specific works of visual art could not help but pose a particular challenge to artists, inducing a desire to translate the *Divine Comedy* into actual images. There is probably no text of the Early Modern period that has so frequently been illustrated. From Botticelli to Signorelli, Raphael to Michelangelo, Doré to Delacroix and Rodin, masters of art history have alluded to the *Divine Comedy*. Michelangelo engaged with the poem throughout his life and was regarded by contemporaries as a positive authority on its author and his work
It was the landscape painter John Linnell who, in 1824, commissioned Blake to produce a series of *Divine Comedy* illustrations. Contemporaries tell us how the now almost seventy-year-old Blake appeared to master Italian in a very short time in order to be able to read Dante's poem in its original.
In what were to prove the last years of his life, Blake was to be discovered by the few visitors he received in his apartment at 3 Fountain Court, off the Strand in London, mostly sitting up in bed, "like one of the Antique patriarchs, or a dying Michel Angelo", and working intently on the Dante drawings. With the text of the *Divine Comedy* always to hand, he filled sheet after sheet of a large, bound portfolio of Kent paper, each fifty-three by thirty-seven centimeters. It is clear that Blake was not aiming to devote the same degree of attention to every part of the text, let alone to supply an illustration for each and every canto.
Blake, like many other artists, was especially fascinated by the gruesome torments of Hell. Seventy-two of his drawings are devoted to the Hell, twenty to the Purgatory, and ten to the Paradise.
In general Blake's drawings do adhere astonishingly closely to Dante's text. Blake is above all concerned with engaging directly with the poem, with exploring its expressive potential through the artistic means at his disposal, and with turning its bold metaphors into visual images of a new kind. The individual drawings are to be found in very diverse states of completion, from the lightly sketched to the fully elaborated, and in their variety offer us fascinating insights into Blake's working methods. In their range of technical means, the work is also able to encompass the entire range of existential experience evoked by the *Divine Comedy,* from the dark torments of Hell to the radiant bliss of Paradise.
On April 25, 1827, only a few weeks before his death, Blake declared in a letter to John Linnell: "I am too much attached to Dante to think much of anything else". His Dante drawings are eloquent testimony to the creative powers which the exchange between poetry and art is able to release.

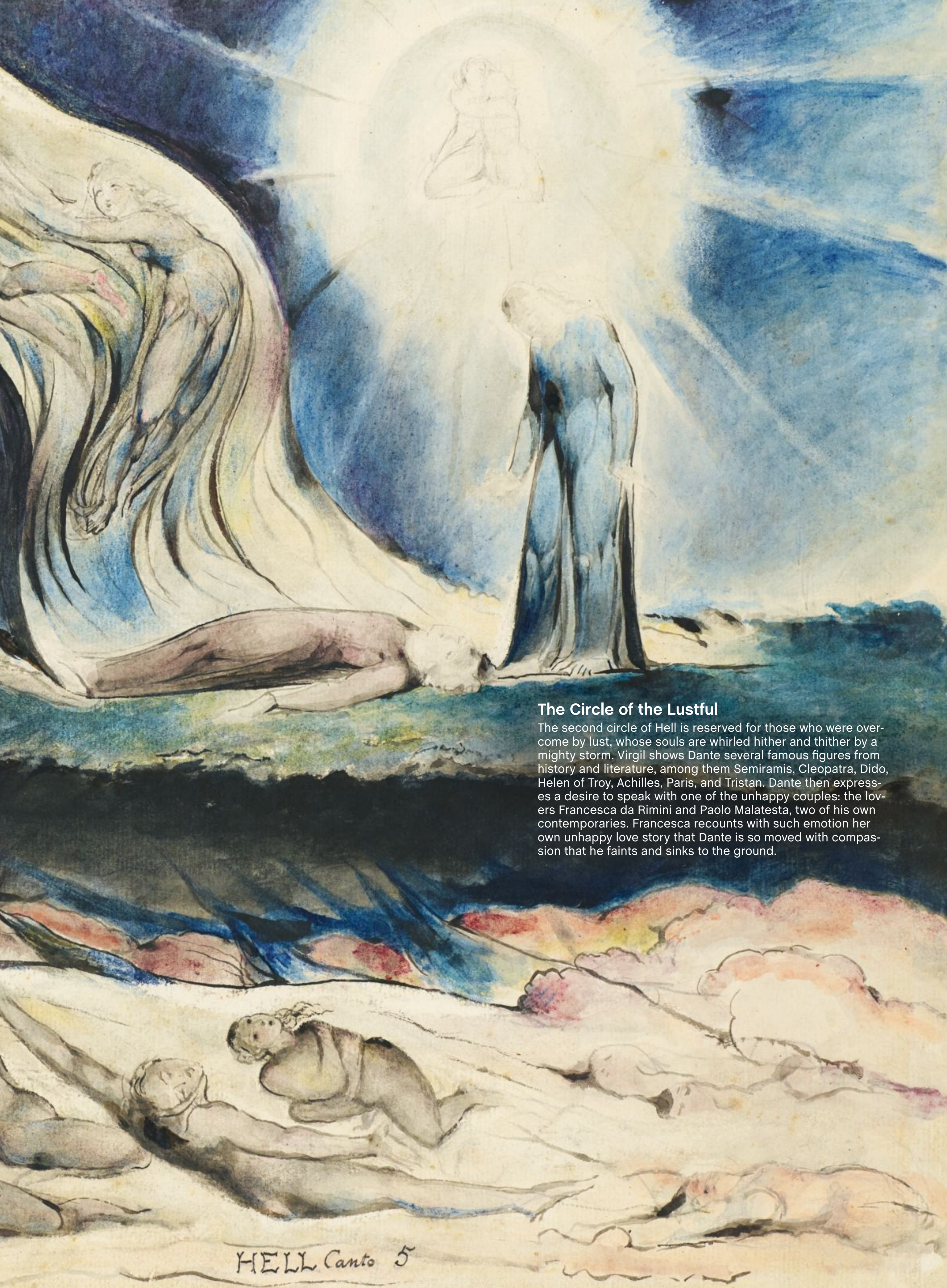
The fraudulent Pope

The Eighth Circle of Hell is divided into ten separate ditches, in which the sinners of various forms of fraud receive their punishments. The third ditch is reserved for the Simoniacs: those who have bought or sold ecclesiastical offices and titles. Both on the walls and on the ground are to be found large cavities, their shape resembling that of a baptismal font. Fixed into each of these is a Simoniac, placed upside down so that only his legs protrude, the soles of his feet licked by flames.



“Dante’s complex architecture of the Hell has no literary or theological precedents.”





The Circle of the Lustful

The second circle of Hell is reserved for those who were overcome by lust, whose souls are whirled hither and thither by a mighty storm. Virgil shows Dante several famous figures from history and literature, among them Semiramis, Cleopatra, Dido, Helen of Troy, Achilles, Paris, and Tristan. Dante then expresses a desire to speak with one of the unhappy couples: the lovers Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta, two of his own contemporaries. Francesca recounts with such emotion her own unhappy love story that Dante is so moved with compassion that he faints and sinks to the ground.





The Styx with the ireful sinners

In the Fifth Circle of Hell, Dante and Virgil reach the swamp called Styx. The souls of the Wrathful, condemned to dwell in this filthy bog, are here to be found arguing incessantly with each other. They beat at each other with hands, heads, chests, and feet, and tear at each other with their teeth.

Saint Peter and Saint James

In Paradise, Dante has passed a test set by Saint Peter on faith, and now Saint James arrives, in order to question him on Hope, the Second Theological Virtue. The two mighty Apostles are each enclosed within blazing flames and swoop toward each other as if to shake hands.

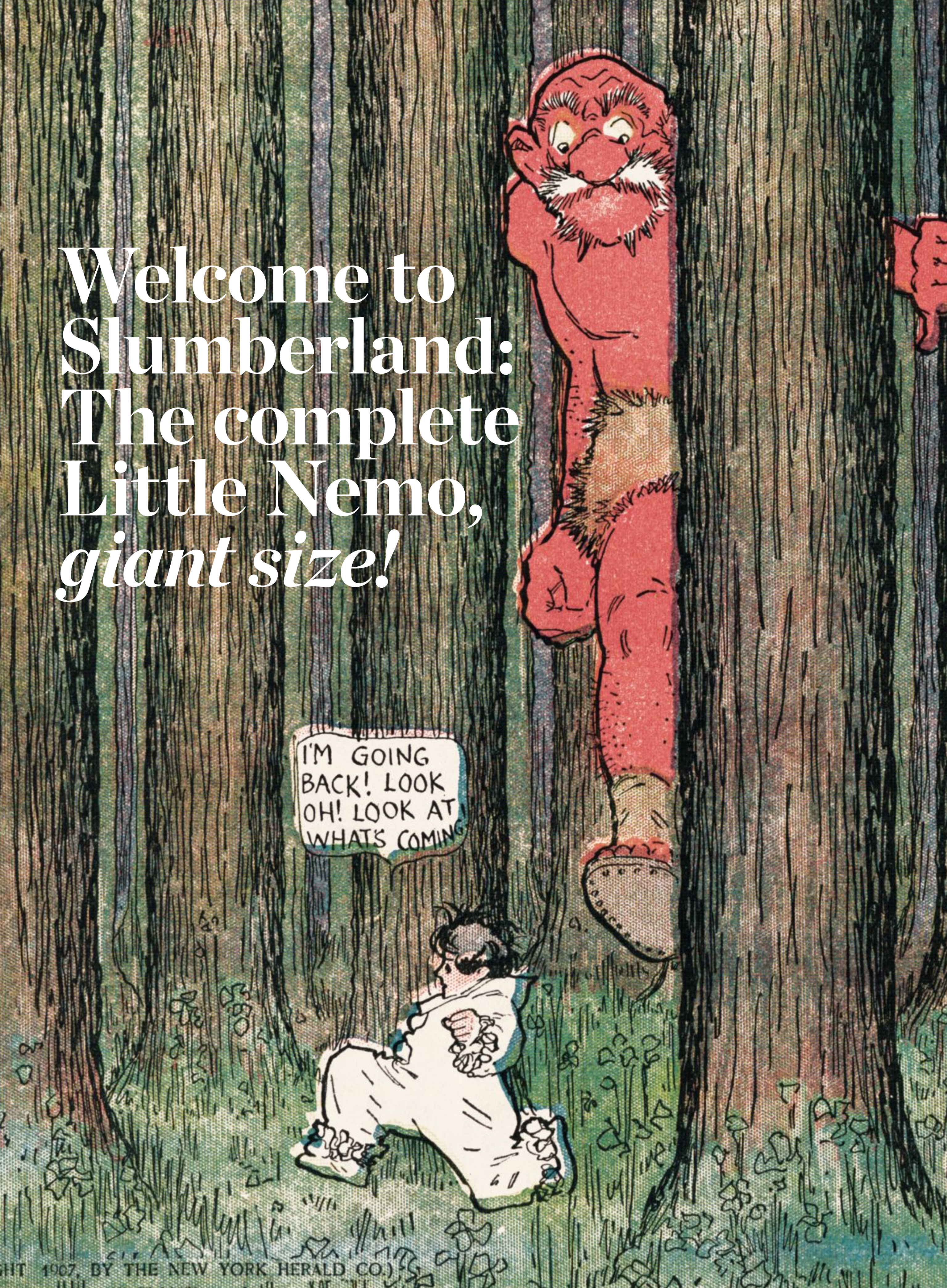
“The *Divine Comedy* is arguably the greatest work ever composed in the Italian language. The epic poem describes Dante’s journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven.”



XL

William Blake. The drawings for Dante’s *Divine Comedy*
Sebastian Schütze, Maria Antonietta Terzoli
Hardcover, 324 pp. with 14 fold-out spreads
$ 150 / € 99.99 / £ 99.99

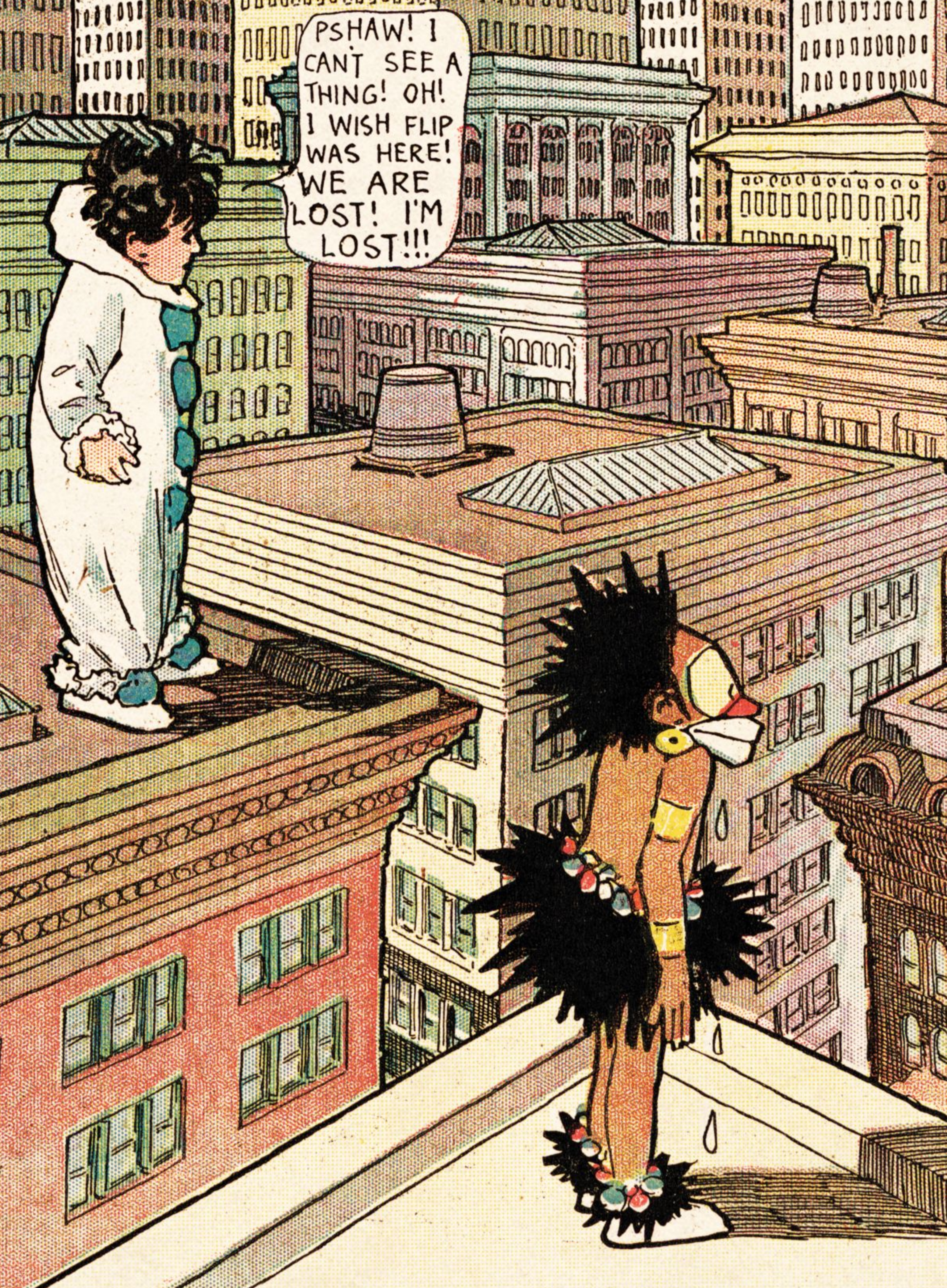
Welcome to Slumberland: The complete Little Nemo, *giant size!*





“The key to McCay’s magical world, missing until now.”

— Welt am Sonntag


PSHAW! I CAN'T SEE A THING! OH! I WISH FLIP WAS HERE! WE ARE LOST! I'M LOST!!!

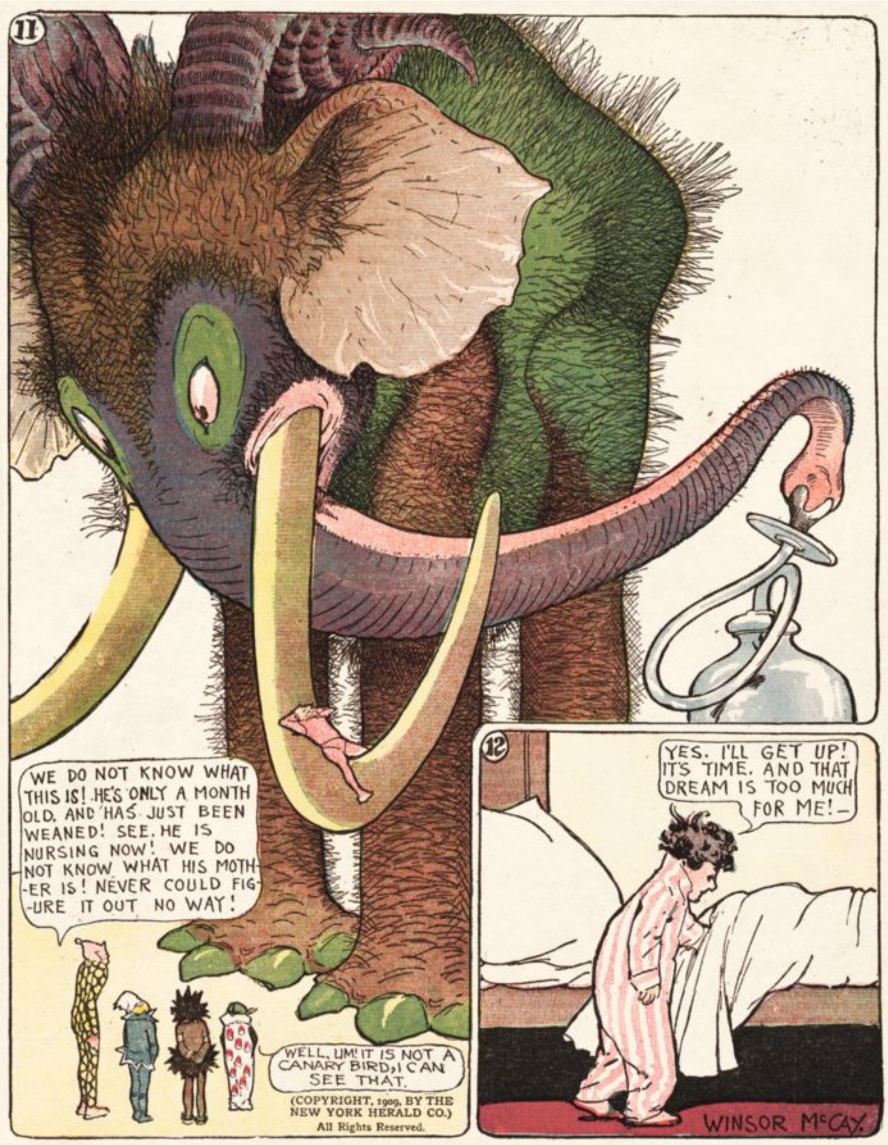
Little Nemo is back!

... and won't fade into obscurity anytime soon. The triumph of an artist of the century.
By Alexander Braun

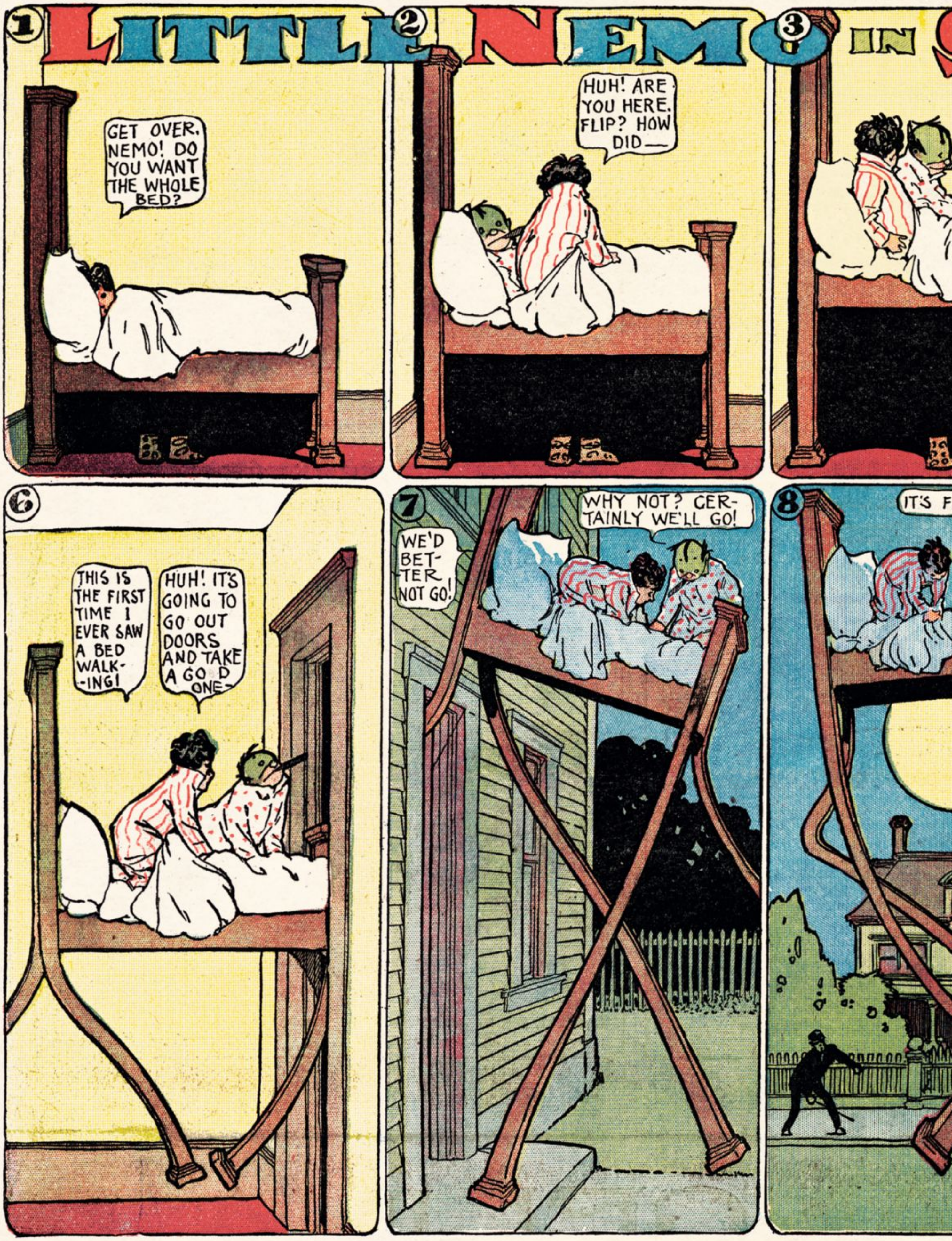
Walking beds? Overpopulated commuter towns on Mars? Zoom-like visual effects decades before those kinds of optical lenses were even invented? At the beginning of the 20th century, Winsor McCay's (1869–1934) pen knew no limits. Everything that could be imagined could also be drawn. Everything that could be drawn became real before the eyes of millions of readers. The energy of a new century, in which everything seemed possible, spiritedly exploding everywhere, erupted from this short, slight New Yorker's pen in a *disegno* of fantasy and special effects. One cannot help but characterize Winsor McCay as a seminal genius. Not only did he elevate comics to a completely new level with experimental pictorial inventions and establish serial narration, but he also invented the animated film and developed it further with technical innovations that endured well into the era of Walt Disney.

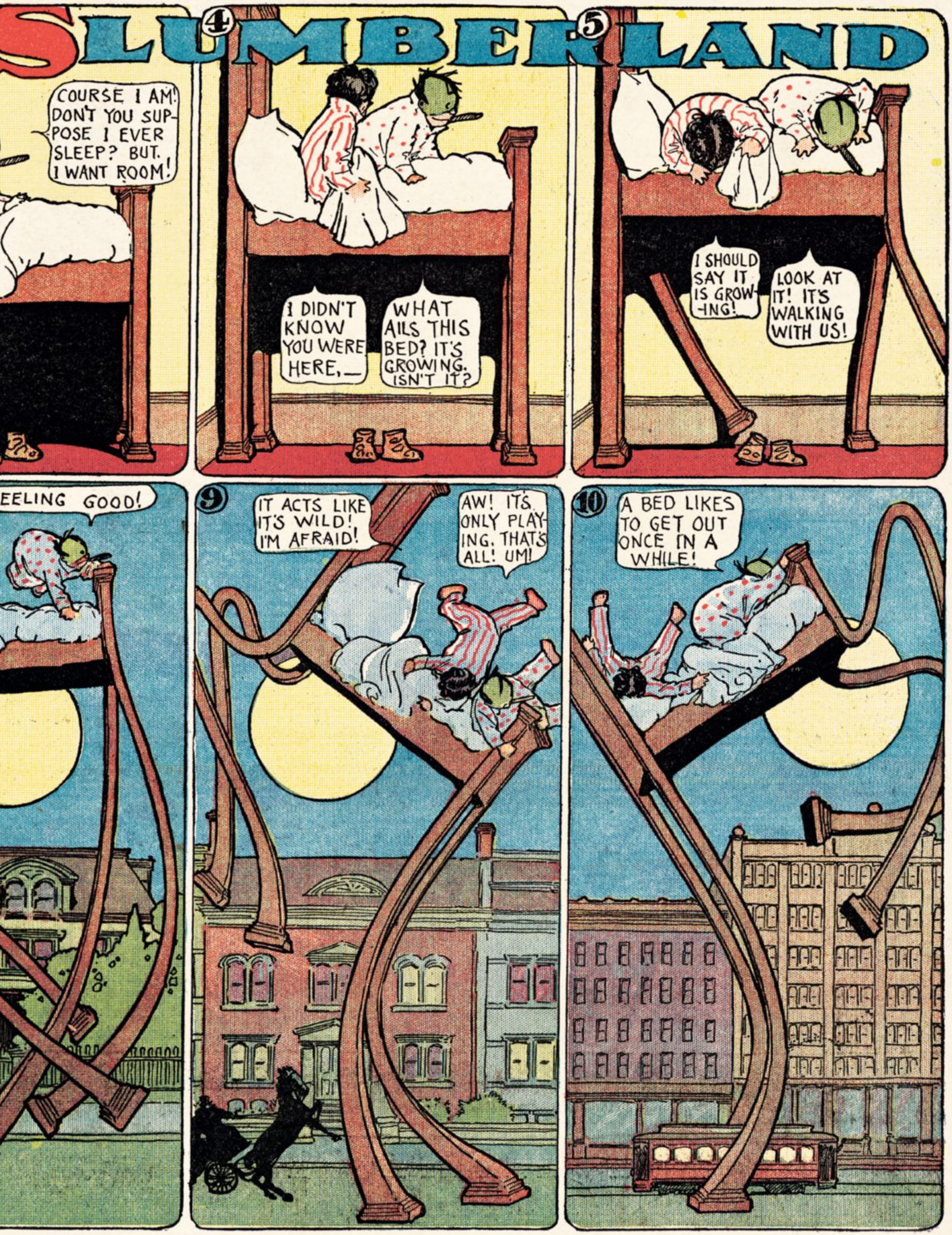
"Strictly speaking, every anthology of surrealism should begin with Winsor McCay."

He was also uniquely ahead of his time with regard to his choice of subject matter. Both of the main works in his comics oeuvre, *Little Nemo in Slumberland* and *Dream of the Rarebit Fiend*, deal with dreams or nightmares. Based on sheer volume alone, these strips were no small matter: 549 color episodes of *Little Nemo* and over 900 black-and-white episodes of *Rarebit Fiend*—that's almost 1,500 dreams in just over two decades! What is more, McCay's extravagant dream work began in 1904: basically on par with the first edition of Sigmund Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*, which was published shortly before 1900. Freud and McCay were not aware of each other's work, and the cultural effect of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* did not even begin to unfold until the publication of the first English edition (1913) and the first French translation (1926). In this light, McCay's early obsession with depicting the subconscious appears even more astounding and the ignorance of art historiography, which continues to criminally ignore the first surrealist of the 20th century, even more shameful. Strictly speaking, every anthology of surrealism should begin with Winsor McCay, not with André Breton's *Surrealist Manifesto* of 1924. Twenty years before André Breton, McCay showed the world the fantastic mechanics of dreams and found relevant images to represent the corrosive power of that which we repress and is buried in our souls. Why doesn't art history acknowledge this? Simply because it is *just* a comic and not an oil painting on canvas? At the turn of the century, comics were not a loss-making peripheral matter in the colorful potpourri that is the entertain-



Pages 30–31: *The New York Herald* [as throughout], September 8, 1907
Left: September 22, 1907
Right: July 31, 1910
Overleaf: July 26, 1908


LITTLE NEMO IN
GET OVER, NEMO! DO YOU WANT THE WHOLE BED?
HUH! ARE YOU HERE, FLIP? HOW DID—
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A BED WALK--ING!
HUH! IT'S GOING TO GO OUT DOORS AND TAKE A GO D ONE-
WE'D BET-TER NOT GO!
WHY NOT? CER-TAINLY WE'LL GO!
IT'S


SLUMBERLAND
COURSE I AM! DON'T YOU SUPPOSE I EVER SLEEP? BUT. I WANT ROOM!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE,—
WHAT AILS THIS BED? IT'S GROWING. ISN'T IT?
I SHOULD SAY IT IS GROWING!
LOOK AT IT! IT'S WALKING WITH US!
EELING GOOD!
IT ACTS LIKE IT'S WILD! I'M AFRAID!
AW! IT'S ONLY PLAYING. THAT'S ALL! UM!
A BED LIKES TO GET OUT ONCE IN A WHILE!

ment industry, but the opposite: Comics were a leading medium! Comics (along with photography) were the first visual

“Readers did not favor the paper with the best sports section or the most up-to-date arts section, but the publisher who had the best and most popular comic artists.”

mass medium of the early 20th century and significantly contributed to the democratization of the image. While film, which emerged at the same time, was still plagued for quite a while by its limited technical capabilities and the modest number of viewers that could gather in front of a screen, thanks to the newest printing presses, with their extremely high rate of rotation, comics reached millions of newspaper readers—and with new episodes every day at that. It was the major American “yellow press” daily newspapers, in particular, that recognized the appeal of the comics. The paper that offered readers the most spectacular entertainment package also automatically had the edge over the competition in terms of circulation and could thus charge its advertising partners higher prices and so forth.

A lot of money could be made with newspapers; even more could be made with papers that included comic supplements. Readers did not favor the paper with the best sports section or the most up-to-date arts section, but the publisher who had the best and most popular comic artists under contract. The comic figures belonged to the artist who created them, and if they were successful in establishing themselves in the market, their artist also had it made: with social prestige and a stately salary. Winsor McCay, for example, came from the humblest of beginnings—namely, a logging town near the Great Lakes—and more or less taught himself to draw. But just a few years after arriving in New York with his wife and their two children, the family was living in a stately home in South Brooklyn, bought an automobile, complete with chauffeur, treated themselves to a housekeeper and a cook, and soon a vacation home on Coney Island for the summer months. If the Atlantic winds blew too coldly in winter, the family simply moved into a comfortable hotel suite in Manhattan.

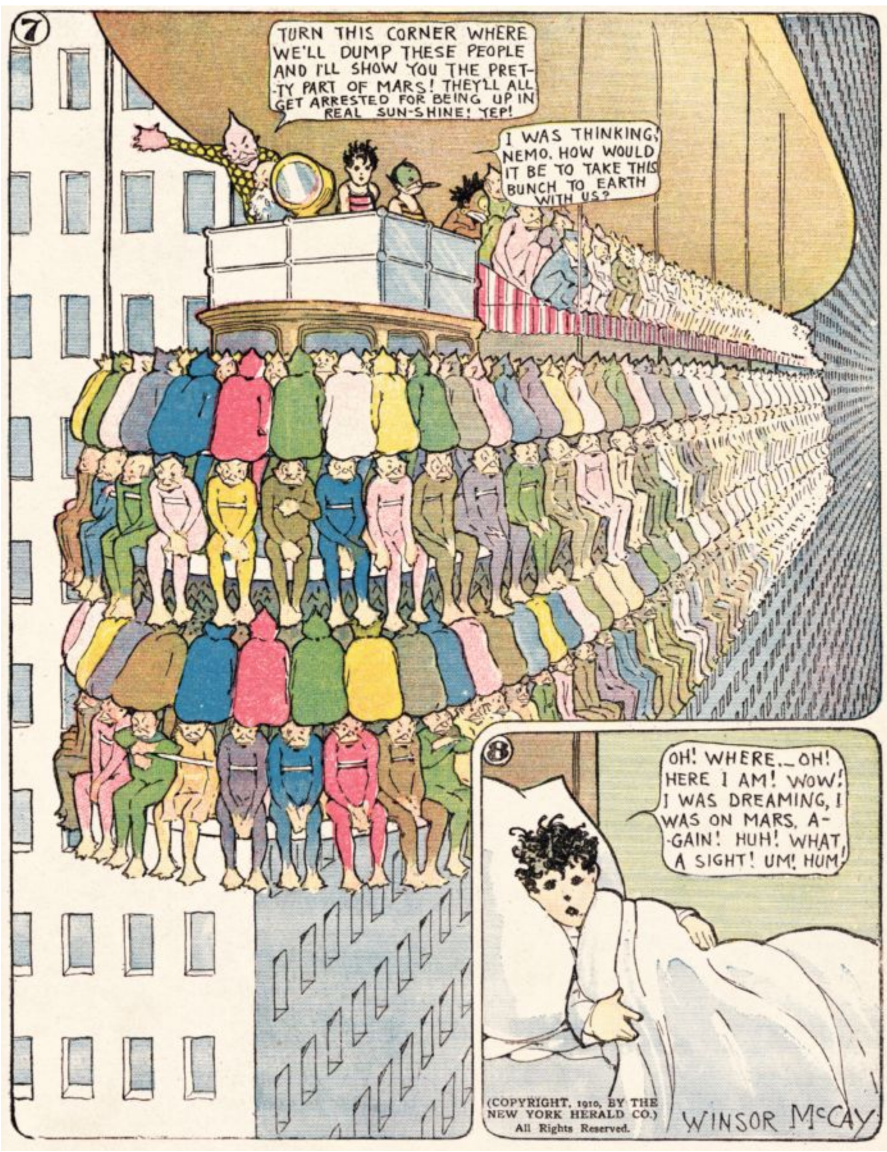
The American metropolises grew by up to 2,000 immigrants from the old world every day! They were all starving for bread, work, and a roof over their heads. As soon as these necessities were met (if only barely), the new citizens demanded diversion and entertainment. But who could offer this in the days before the Internet and television? Radio had not even been invented yet and film was (still) limited to an existence as a fairground attraction. Museums and theaters were securely in the hands of the middle-class elite. It was a world off-limits to the *lumpenproletariat*, especially since they also lacked the money to take part in the arts. They were thus left with cabinets of curiosities in the form of dime museums, vaudeville, freak shows, and sideshows—but also in the form of the comics!

“Comics lived on the edge of anarchy and, with regard to content and form, took liberties that other art forms simply could not afford to take.”

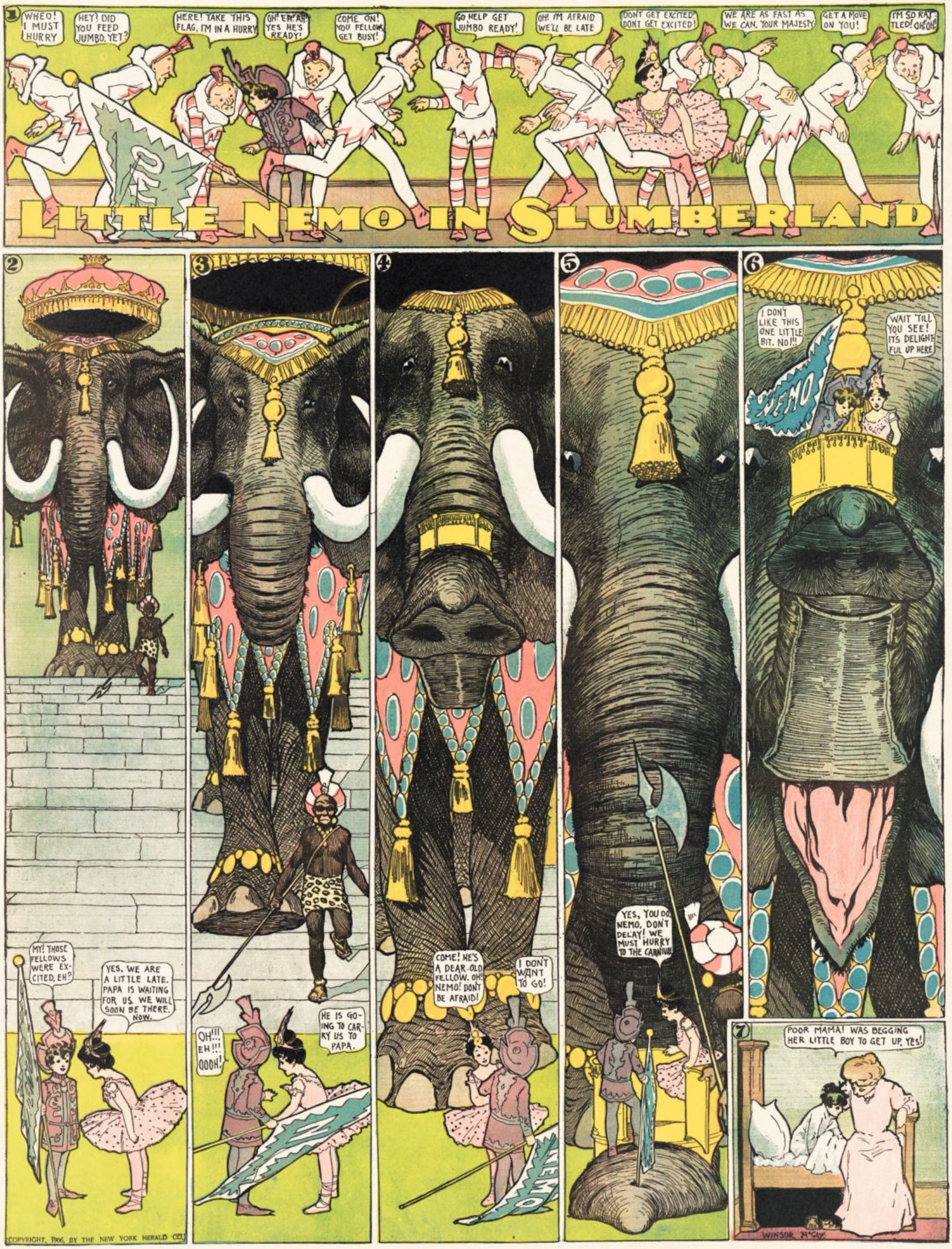
The best means of production of the day, the most expensive and high-quality printing presses ever developed—fast and capable of printing in four colors—were not fired up to make exhibition catalogues or picture books for connoisseurs, but for the production of comic strips.

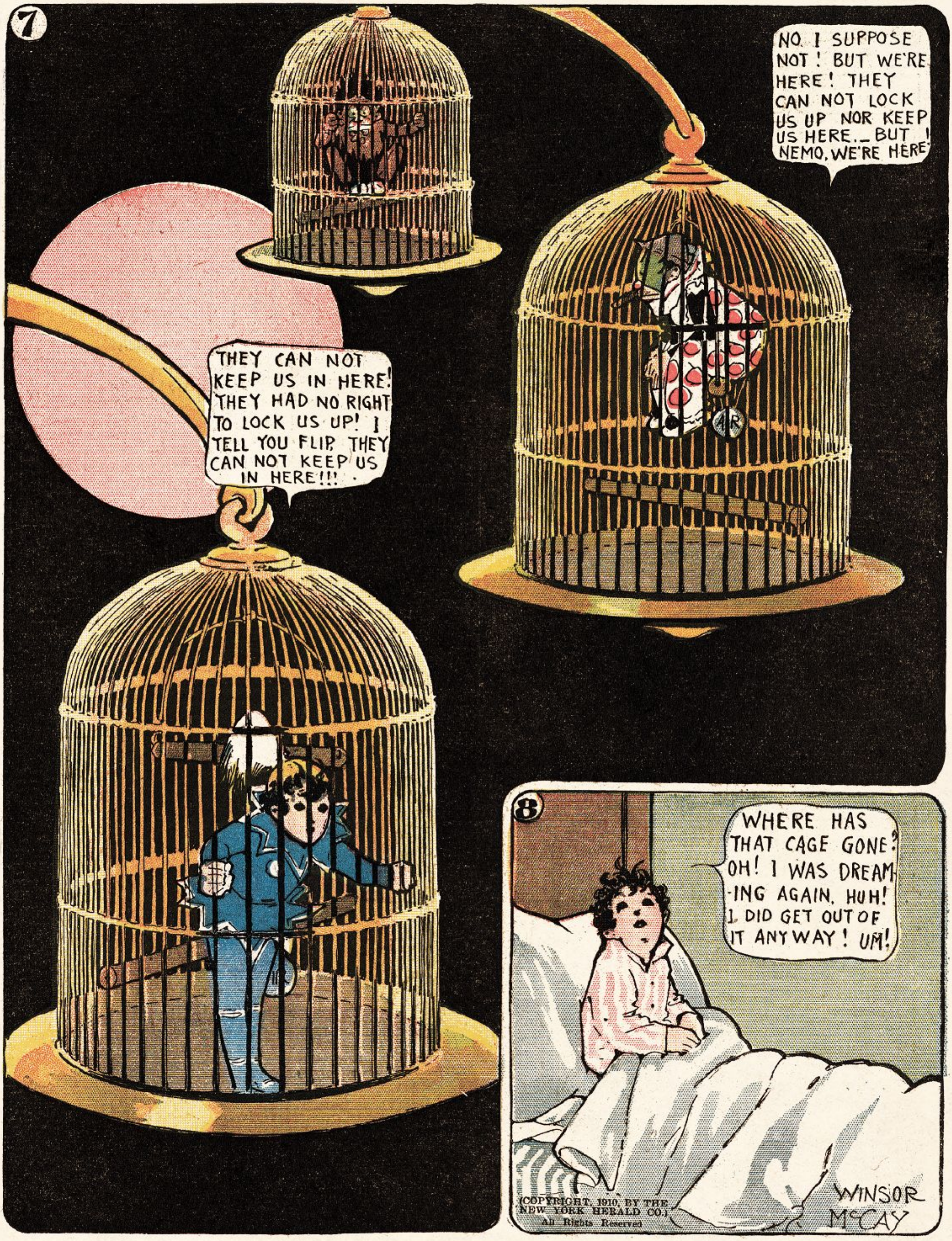
A large publishing house could print up to 1.5 million copies of its newspaper editions—per day! And around 1900, there were at least 15 newspaper editorial offices vying for the readers favor in New York alone. This had never, in all of history, been seen before: such attractive illustrations, in color, for such a large mass audience, and for so little money.

The comic knew how to seize the moment: In this young art form, which had not yet formed any conventions, there was a gold-



Left: June 12, 1910
Right: September 23, 1906


WHEO! I MUST HURRY
HEY! DID YOU FEED JUMBO, YET?
HERE! TAKE THIS FLAG, I'M IN A HURRY
OH! EH! AH! YES HE'S READY!
COME ON! YOU FELLOWS GET BUSY!
GO HELP GET JUMBO READY!
OH! I'M AFRAID WE'LL BE LATE
DON'T GET EXCITED! DON'T GET EXCITED!
WE ARE AS FAST AS WE CAN, YOUR MAJESTY!
GET A MOVE ON YOU!
I'M SO RATTLED! OH! OH!
LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND
MY! THOSE FELLOWS WERE EXCITED, EH?
YES, WE ARE A LITTLE LATE. PAPA IS WAITING FOR US. WE WILL SOON BE THERE. NOW.
OH!!! EH!!! OOOH!
HE IS GOING TO CARRY US TO PAPA.
COME! HE'S A DEAR OLD FELLOW. OH! NEMO! DON'T BE AFRAID!
I DON'T WANT TO GO!
YES, YOU DO. NEMO, DON'T DELAY! WE MUST HURRY TO THE CARNIVAL
I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE LITTLE BIT. NO!!!
WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE! IT'S DELIGHTFUL UP HERE
NEMO
POOR MAMA! WAS BEGGING HER LITTLE BOY TO GET UP, YES!
WINSOR McCAY


7
THEY CAN NOT KEEP US IN HERE! THEY HAD NO RIGHT TO LOCK US UP! I TELL YOU FLIP, THEY CAN NOT KEEP US IN HERE!!!
NO I SUPPOSE NOT! BUT WE'RE HERE! THEY CAN NOT LOCK US UP NOR KEEP US HERE._ BUT! NEMO, WE'RE HERE!
8
WHERE HAS THAT CAGE GONE? OH! I WAS DREAM-ING AGAIN, HUH! I DID GET OUT OF IT ANYWAY! UM!
(COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.) All Rights Reserved
WINSOR McCAY

rush feeling. The new medium existed on a terrain far removed from that of the traditional middle-class arts. This was as exclusive as it was artistically encouraging, because here the etiquette of the national-newspaper-worthy forms of entertainment, such as literature, music, and theater, did not apply. Comics lived on the edge of anarchy and, with regard to content and form,

“Winsor McCay’s work is not only an explosion of creativity, surrealistic fantasy, and art deco grandeur, but also a genre picture of a society on the verge of a transformation.”

took liberties that other art forms simply could not afford to take if they wanted to avoid risking their reputation. Comics meant freedom—freedom for the artist’s hand. And at the forefront, far beyond the rest, was Winsor McCay.

Winsor McCay’s work is thus not only an explosion of creativity, surrealistic fantasy, and art deco grandeur, but also a fascinating genre picture of a society on the verge of a transformation. Higher, faster, farther—the early 20th century outdid itself in superlatives. The world’s fairs set one visitor record after the other, and new inventions, from the Ferris wheel to incubators for premature babies, left people speechless. The stages on Broadway were not only the biggest in the world, but could also be flooded for water shows that then boasted swimming elephants. In 1908, the musical version of McCay’s *Little Nemo* was the most elaborate and expensive stage show ever produced.

And yet, in spite of all its former economic power and the importance of comics for the multimedia communication society of texts and images in which we live today, the magnificent, colorful pages of the big American Sunday newspapers from the turn of the century will only survive a few more years before the very acidic, yellowed paper irreparably breaks down into its component parts. Where are the big initiatives to rescue and take care of the pioneer days of the comics, to place them in new historical relations and make them accessible to later generations as a crucial part of our cultural heritage?

Here is one such initiative: Winsor McCay’s complete *Little Nemo in Slumberland*! For the first time since its original publication, McCay’s most famous series is available in one place: all 549 episodes from 1905 to 1927. Restored, color-corrected (to match the experience of original audiences as authentically as possible), and in an oversized format so readers won’t miss one detail. The reprint is complemented by a comprehensive companion book that brings the turn of the century to life and explores Winsor McCay’s seminal work with more than 600 additional images, including original drawings. You can’t get more McCay or more *Little Nemo*. A long overdue triumph for one of the most important exponents of the cultural history of the 20th century, whose importance extends far beyond the visual arts.



XXL

Winsor McCay. The Complete Little Nemo
Alexander Braun
Hardcover, 2 vols., 708 pp.
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135

Left: July 10, 1910
Below: December 27, 1908



The colors of catastrophe

Rediscovered autochrome photography of the First World War



"…brings a startling human reality to one of the most momentous upheavals in history."

—*Charley's War*, London



Paris, Rue Greneta, September 1915

Léon Gimpel took a series of Autochromes of children re-enacting their war games for him. If nothing else, the images visualise how strongly the German aggressors were hated and the capacity for which that the children grew up with.

The Great War as never seen before

By Peter Walther

Even today it is not well known that the World War of 1914 to 1918 was the first large conflict recorded in color photography. With only a few thousand of these color images surviving in archives around the world, the historical events, everyday life, and horrors of this shattering conflict are known to most of us only in monochrome. The trenches, the troops, and the 16 million lives lost in the "war to end war" exist in our collective consciousness in black-and-white representation, removed from our present reality not only by many years, but by many missing hues.

With growing awareness of the Autochrome process, once a museum-like niche for specialists and enthusiasts, we are now able to make a startling, color encounter with the First World War. Patented in 1904 by the Lumière brothers, Autochrome consisted of a glass plate coated on one side with tiny colored starch grains, which took on the function of the three primary color filters. These grains lent Autochrome photographs an especially aesthetic appeal, with an appearance comparable to a pointillist painting.

Throughout the First World War, photography served militaristic, propagandistic and personal purposes on all sides. In Germany alone in autumn 1916, 400 personnel were tasked with the photographing and interpretation of aerial photos. In addition, hundreds of thousands of passport photos for citizen registration were collected in the German-occupied territories. For the first time in a war, private photographs were also shot by the million as mementos or visualizations of life at the front lines for family back home.

In comparison to the host of amateur pho tographers, the number of official or accredited photojournalists appeared rather modest: there were 15 in the French army, 19 in the German, 16 with the British, three with the Australian–New Zealand armed forces, and two with the Canadian troops. As the war was also a war of words from the out-

"For the first time in a war, private photographs were shot by the million as mementos."





set—a verbal combat which dealt with the interpretation of terms like “culture” and “barbarism”—the value of photography as propaganda was initially underestimated on all sides. However, the more the conflict developed into a gruelling, static war, the more important the role of public opinion became at home and abroad. From this point on, the armed forces relied on the propagandistic power of photography.
After 1915, photography and film work began to be institutionalized within the structure of the military. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was especially quick to recognize the power of image propaganda. After the defeat of the British and French armed forces in April 1915 in the battle for the Turkish peninsula of Gallipoli, the enlistment of official photojournalists into the British armed forces was first discussed. Ernest Brooks (born 1878), who had earlier worked as a press photographer for the *Daily Mirror,* was selected. The photos were intended to comfort the population on the home front, rather than frighten them with the true horror of the war.
The amount of color photographs that came out of the conflict, when compared to the entire photographic records from the First World War, seems remarkably small: about 4,500 Autochromes have been preserved, of which most were taken by Paul Castelnau, Fernand Cuville, Jules Gervais-Courtellemont, and Jean-Baptiste Tournassoud. That amounts to less than one-thousandth of the black-and-white photos from the same period.
When considering what reality of the war this precious image trove conveys to us, it is important to remember the conditions under which the photos were taken at the

> **“The more the conflict developed into a gruelling, static war, the more the armed forces relied on the propagandistic power of photography.”**

time, and with what intent. What applies to most of the black-and-white photos of the First World War, is all the more true for the Autochromes: they are not spontaneous images, but rather careful productions in which technical and aesthetic considerations play a role just as much as the intended visual message.
Hardly any of the photos were created under threat of mortal danger at the front lines. This possibility was excluded alone because of the awkwardness of the photo equipment, which, with plates, tripod, and various lenses, weighed up to 15 kilograms. The relatively long exposure times of Autochrome plates also hampered the taking of snapshots—the photo subject was obliged to hold still for six seconds under cloudy skies, and even in sunny weather for a full second. Movement was thus difficult to capture.
From a distance of a century, the color of these images is disconcerting. It shifts how we see our past. It allows events to move into frightening proximity with the present. While taking into account the intended propaganda effects, the limitations of Autochrome technology, and the specific segment of reality consequently captured, these photographs are a unique witness to our past. With exceptional immediacy, they transport us to a calamitous event that has shaped the world ever since.

Top: German trench canteen, ca. 1915.
Photo: Hans Hildenbrand
Opposite: Austrian prisoners of war in Karelia, near Kiappeselga, 1915. In the First World War every fourth soldier of the Central Powers held in Russian captivity lost their life.
Photo: Sergei Prokudin-Gorskii



The First World War in Colour
Peter Walther
Hardcover, 384 pp.
$ 59.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99



How cameras first captured color



When were the first color photographs taken?
Individual attempts were made to take color photographs as early as the 19th century. From 1902 onwards, the three-color system was used for professional color reproduction, in printing books and journals. In amateur photography, color photography first appeared with the introduction of the Autochrome process in 1907, but color photographs on paper became prevalent only much later: 1941 in the United States, 1950 in western Europe.

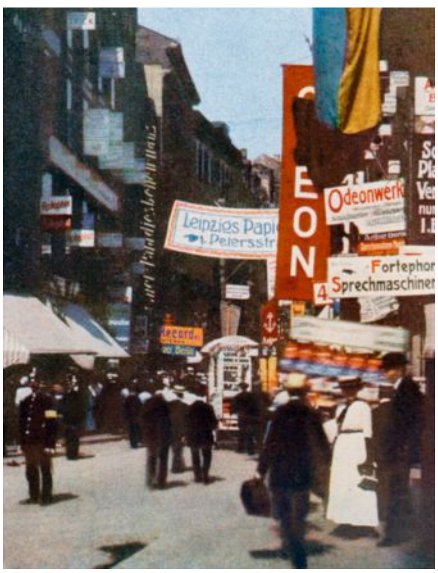
What distinguishes color photos from hand-colored black-and-white photos?
To this day, a color photo actually consists of three black-and-white photos. These contain the separate color information for the three primary colors which can be combined to create any other color. This information is stored in different ways: on three separate photographic plates (three-color photography), beside one another as screen dots (in Autochromes and in the sensors of digital cameras) or on top of one another (in the three layers of a color film). With each method, authentic color impressions are captured. By contrast, hand-colored black-and-white photos contain colors applied from memory or imagination.



What do Autochromes look like?
Autochromes are transparent images on glass, similar to slides. They are placed in special viewers or projected for a group viewing.

Why has it taken so long to recover these Autochromes?
These pictures were never forgotten, but were in such poor condition that we could do little with them. It is only with the possibilities of modern, digital technology that we are able to scan the original templates and produce quality reproductions. Dull and often damaged originals turned into color photos of high brilliance. The digital world has also, of course, allowed much greater access to remote photographic archives around the world.

What particular view of the First World War do these photographs offer?
Like most photographs taken during the conflict, these images were often dictated by propaganda purposes. The technical limitations of the Autochrome method also means that photographers were only able to capture particular, static, scenes. Nevertheless, these images are of inestimable value in offering the most vivid version of the First World War that we have. In full color, the people, landscape and many details of this conflict become much more present, despite the distance of a century.





Opposite: Rusted machinery of a destroyed factory on rue des Trois Raisinets in Reims, 28 March 1917. Photo: Fernand Cuville
Top: Dugout in Champagne, late summer 1915, Stereoscopic Autochrome. Stereoscopic photography had already existed from the middle of the 1850s. Photo: Hans Hildenbrand
Above: San Francisco after the Earthquake, 1906, half of a stereoscopic three-color photograph. Photo: Frederic Ives
Right: Peterstraße during the Leipzig Trade Fair, early 1914. In three-color photography three areas of the plate were exposed one after another with different filters, which made photographing moving subjects a challenge. Photo: Franz de Grousilliers, Rudolf Hacke
Far right: Christmas in Nikolskoye, Russia, 1911. The tree with tiny paper flags of various nations symbolised the hope for cultural understanding at a time when the political horizon had already darkened. Photo: Piotr Vedenisov

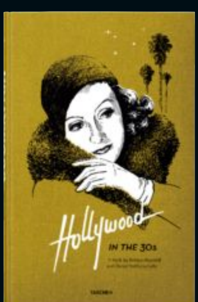
Born to be bad:

Forbidden Hollywood in the 30s

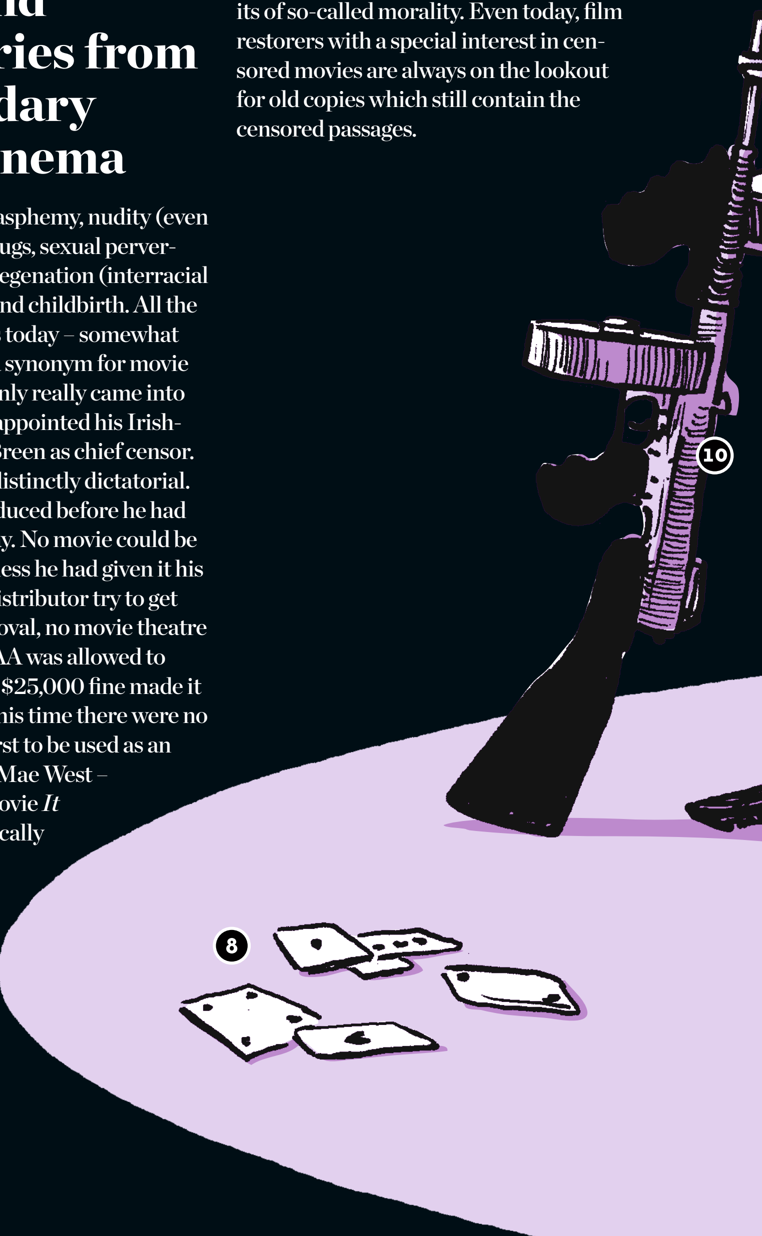
When it was released a few years ago, the newly restored version of *Tarzan and His Mate* left even the most diehard movie buffs stunned. Wearing only a skimpy loincloth, Olympic swimmer and film star Johnny Weissmuller dives a few rounds for the underwater camera, lovingly flanked by his mate Jane – usually played by Maureen O'Sullivan. However, the mermaid we see here is her body double Josephine McKim who, like Weissmuller, had won Olympic gold. The costume designer had obviously taken the day off.
A nude scene in a mainstream movie from Hollywood's classical era is rather unexpected. But, as people had forgotten for quite some time, in the early talkies moviemakers took some astonishing liberties. In 1934, the year in which *Tarzan and His Mate* was made, also marks the end of this brief honeymoon period. And it was not just the images of Tarzan's sublime back-tonature existence that were lost for decades to come.
Hollywood had submitted to self-censorship in the shape of a morality code. The films which were made up until that year were not rediscovered until the 1990s. Since then, the "Pre-Code Movies" have enjoyed a new lease on life at film festivals or on DVD and have achieved cult status among many cinephiles.
The film industry's conservative policy maker, William H. Hays, is still remembered as the inventor of the "Hays Code."
For more than two decades Hays successfully liaised between the young industry and Washington. He brought about reconciliation between rival studios and pacified the many traditionalists across the nation, and there were a lot of them, who regarded Hollywood as a modern Babylon. To this aim in 1927, he drew up his notorious guidelines in collaboration with studio representatives. The "Hays Code" consisted of 11 "don'ts" and 26 so-called "be carefuls."
Among the things films were not allowed to show were, in the order in which they

The Pre-Code Movies and other stories from the legendary City of Cinema

appeared on the list: blasphemy, nudity (even in silhouette), illegal drugs, sexual perversion, prostitution, miscegenation (interracial sexual relationships), and childbirth. All the same, the name Hays is today – somewhat unfairly – regarded as a synonym for movie censorship. The code only really came into force in 1934 when he appointed his Irish-Catholic PR man Joe Breen as chief censor. Breen's approach was distinctly dictatorial. No movie could be produced before he had approved the screenplay. No movie could be shown to the public unless he had given it his official seal. Should a distributor try to get away without this approval, no movie theatre belonging to the MPDAA was allowed to show it. The threat of a $25,000 fine made it abundantly clear that this time there were no more loopholes. The first to be used as an example to others was Mae West – who better? – whose movie *It Ain't No Sin*, was drastically toned down and from then on bore the innocuous title of *Belle of the Nineties*. And when studios decided to revive some of their older motion pictures, they also came under Breen's knife. These irreversible edits were carried out directly on the negative, thus later audiences tend to have the impression that early talkies were full of gaps.
For a long time the earliest examples of sound film were considered theatrical and long-winded. The opposite is true. They are often breathtakingly fast and, in many instances, they owe their energy to fiery, self-assured female characters, played by stars like Jean Harlow, Clara Bow, Constance Bennett, Miriam Hopkins, or Norma Shearer, who relished overstepping the limits of so-called morality. Even today, film restorers with a special interest in censored movies are always on the lookout for old copies which still contain the censored passages.



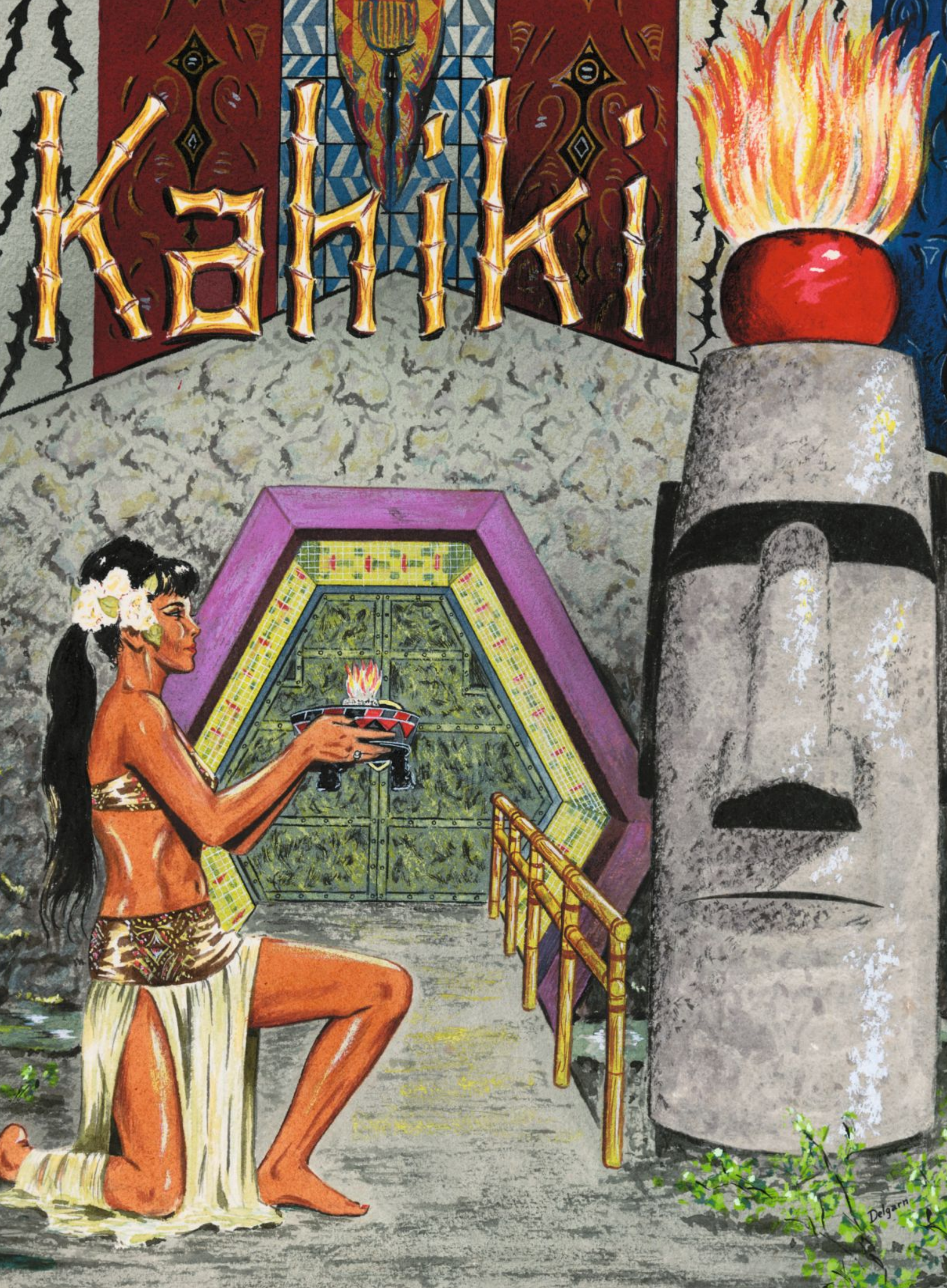
Hollywood in the 30s
Daniel Kothenschulte, Robert Nippoldt
Hardcover, 160 pp.
$ 49.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99



“THOU SHALT NOT”

1 Law defeated
2 Inside of thigh
3 Lace lingerie
4 Dead man
5 Narcotics
6 Drinking
7 Exposed Bosom
8 Gambling
9 Pointing Gun
10 Tommy Gun




Kahiki
Delgarn

The lost continent of Tiki

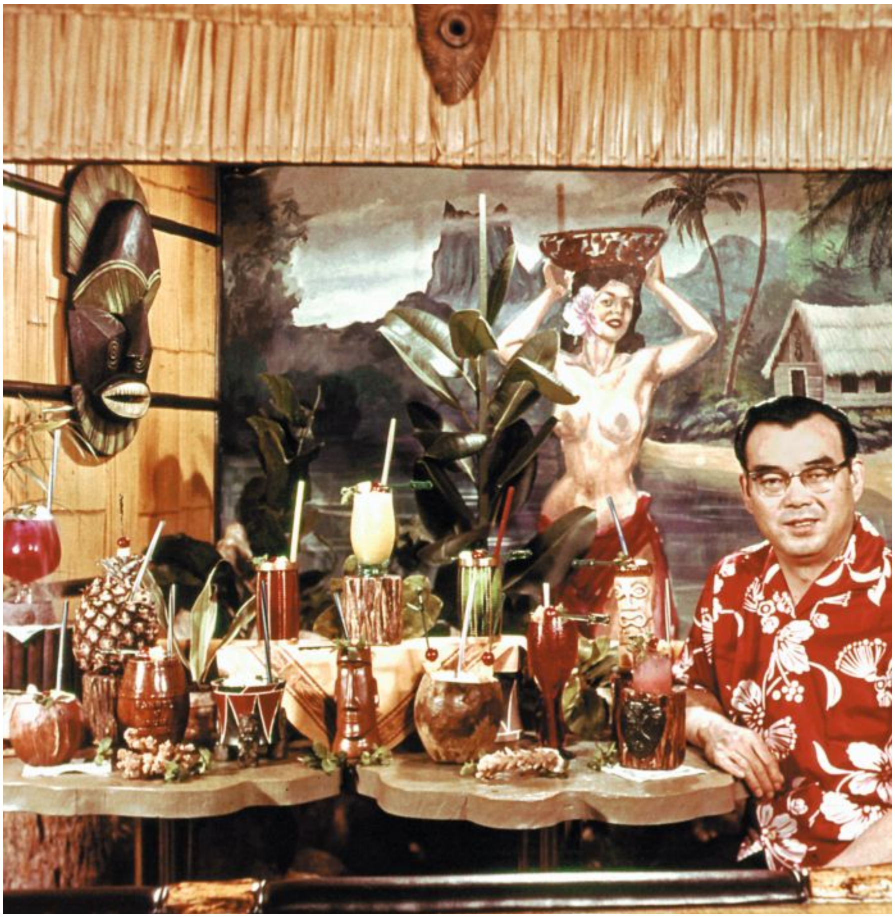
By Marc Lambron

As he steers his Ford along the Los Angeles freeways, Sven Kirsten, 59, might be a John Ford character re-envisioned by the Coen brothers. One of those intrepid Americans who make their way through a dilapidated universe, carrying within them the certainties and flaws that the eternal US of A bestows on its heroic children.
Here he is considered the doyen of Tiki, the man whose self-sacrificing work as a self-made ethnologist has revived an entire chapter of US popular culture.
Kirsten parks the Ford in front of a Glendale restaurant: Damon's. 'Aloha, welcome to our little atoll,' he says smilingly as he opens the door. Inside, Pacific statuettes from the Eisenhower period, a discreetly lit aquarium, dug out canoes hanging from the ceiling, and an exotic cocktail menu for *Madmen*-style businessmen running from the Blue Hawaiian to the Lapu Lapu. Are we in 1957? Are we about to meet Angie Dickinson or Jack Lemmon? And why this plastic Polynesia in the Los Angeles of Rihanna and Matthew McConaughey? That's the Tiki question, in a nutshell.
'The Tiki style,' explains this interpreter of inner-city lagoons, while sipping a "Mai Tai" at the bar, 'is the lost paradise of the

> **"Sex and holidays were the key to the Tiki fashion."**
> — Sven Kirsten

American Dolce Vita. As early as the 1930s, the artificial Eden of Hollywood found its mirror in Polynesian exoticism. It began





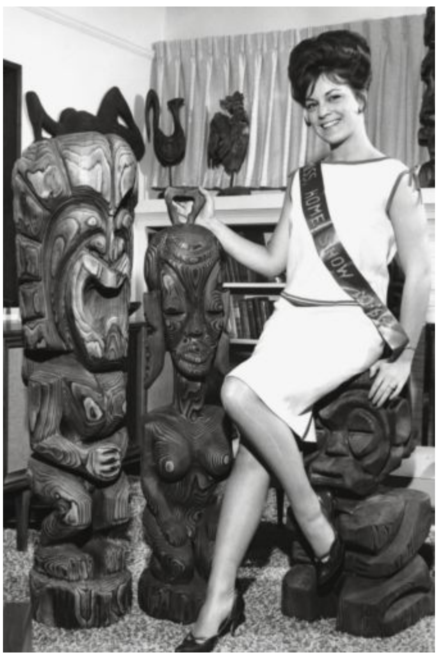
Opposite: A high priestess and a flaming Easter Island statue guard the portal to another world, the mother ship of Tiki Pop: the Kahiki in Columbus, Ohio.
Above: The cartoony mascot, "Mr. Bali Hai" of the San Diego restaurant called after the hit song of the same name.
Left: Kahiki bar manager George Ono proudly presenting his creations.

with a John Ford film, *Hurricane*, in which Dorothy Lamour plays a *femme fatale*.
Tiki is the first man, the Maori Adam, but also a phallic symbol and the god of artists. In 1910, Picasso owned a Tiki from the Marquesas. Hollywood made it into something else. The fashion was fuelled by the musical and film *South Pacific*, adapted from a bestseller by author James Michener, a veteran of the Battle of Guadalcanal, and the model for the sugar-coated films later made by Elvis in Hawaii. At the same time the entire world was glued to the epic of 'Kon-Tiki', a pre-Columbian-style raft that sailed from Peru to Polynesia to prove that the Pacific had been peopled by Amerindians. Hollywood appropriated the captain of the expedition, Thor Heyerdahl, by awarding him the Oscar for the best documentary of 1951. 'It was the dawn of the Tiki period' says Kirsten.
The suffering of GIs coming back from the WWII hell in the Pacific was sublimated



Top: Comical character “The Goof” was the Hut’s pre-Tiki logo figure.
Below: “Miss Tacoma Home Show 1964” poses with modern home idols.

and repressed in the creation of a dream Oceania, the euphoric mask of a historical trauma. Everywhere bars with bamboo ceilings and rattan furniture rose up; there

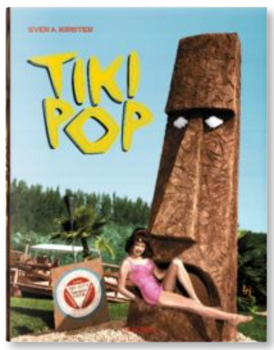


“I like the humor of these objects, they have the darkness of B-movie fantasies.”

— Josh Agle, a.k.a. Shag

were extravagant restaurants with interior waterfalls, artificial jungles, and nude paintings of Gauguin-style idylls, a sort of *National Geographic* eroticism. This was the golden age of Tiki, between McCarthyism and the birth of hippy culture, let’s say the decade of 1955–65.’
The Tiki style worked its magic on the idols of the silver screen. Frank Sinatra downed Mai Tais. Marlon Brando, bewitched by local charms while filming *Mutiny on the Bounty*, bought a Polynesian island and married the Tahitian star of the film. The merchandising commenced: American Tiki had nothing to do with ethnological exactitude. It was more like a projection of one’s life in Technicolor. Reality is an island on which you are the hero. Epicurean restaurateurs such as Don the Beachcomber or Trader Vic soon had chains of Tiki establishments throughout the USA with pineapples, plastic flowers and gracious hostesses. They served cocktails inspired by the Jamaican Planters Punch or the Cuban daiquiri: “Vicious Virgin”, “Shark’s Tooth”, “Cobra’s Fang”, “Dr Funk” and even the “Martiki”, the Polynesian version of a Martini. In Los Angeles, the owner of the Tiki Ti said about his own seventy-two cocktails: “It’s escapism. It’s fake.” Kirsten continues with a smile: ‘Sex and holidays were the key to the Tiki fashion. Recreation centers were built on the Polynesian model, the dream village *à la* Gauguin becoming the holiday village for the average American.

Marc Lambron is a novelist and Académie française member.



Tiki Pop
Sven Kirsten
Hardcover, 384 pp.
$ 59.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99


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I Hope the Boys Don't Draw Straws Tonight
Gil Elvgren for the Brown & Bigelow calendar company, 1946.



Cheese-cake, anyone?

A heaping helping of glamour

“A feast for the eyes — but also the brain, due to its wealth of information.”

— *Lui magazine*, Paris

THE UNLIKELY PRINCE OF PIN-UP

By Dian Hanson



Herbert Bigelow was forward thinking, and quick to adopt the latest print advances, but he was also aloof and arrogant, with a well-developed sense of privilege. These shortcomings led to his conviction for tax evasion in 1923 and a two-year stretch in Leavenworth Federal Prison.

Enter Charles Ward, destined for Leavenworth from birth. He was born in 1886 at the rough Bremerton Navy Yard, near Seattle, and was running errands for local saloons at age 14. At 16 he trained a fighting dog that killed the Navy's top dog in an arranged match, winning him $1000. He spent half this comparative fortune on a gold tooth for the dog, thereafter called Goldie. Over the following decades Charlie emulated his dog, having all of his teeth, top and bottom, capped in gleaming gold: the prototypical grill.

Gold was Ward's god. In 1903 he chased it to Arizona, then joined the rush to Alaska in 1906, and in 1910 ended up in National, Nevada, a mining town as rough as its gold was plentiful. Here, Ward smuggled ore out of company mines to finance a trip to Mexico, where he and a friend joined Pancho Villa's revolution. Ward cared nothing for the peasant's cause, but he admired flamboyant Villa, who let him have the hides off the cattle he rustled to feed his troops. Ward sold the hides in Texas, making $70,000 in three years. He left Mexico when his friend was killed in 1916, and began spending his money. He partied for two years, ending up in Denver, where he was arrested and charged with trafficking in cocaine. He fought the charge until his money was gone; the judge gave him 10 years in maximum-security prison.

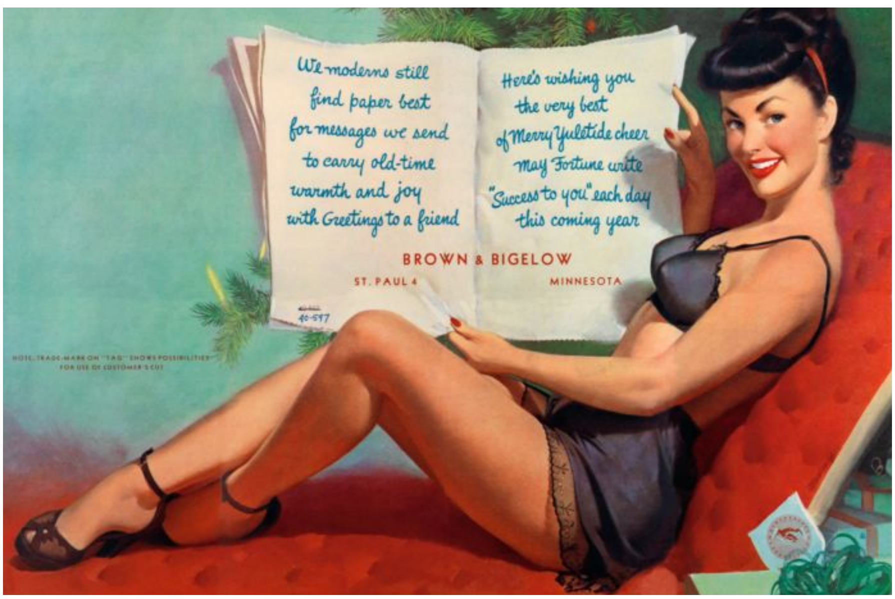
When Bigelow got to Leavenworth Ward was a trustee, a powerful prison player with many friends and special privileges. Ward heard that the rich businessman was being bullied by other inmates and connived to have Bigelow transferred to his cell. There he offered the terrified man a deal: protection in prison in exchange for a job when he got out. Bigelow gratefully accepted, and Charlie kept him safe until his release in 1925.

Bigelow wasn't eager to honor the bargain when Ward showed up in St. Paul shortly after. He tried to buy Charlie off and, when that failed, gave him a backbreaking menial job. To Bigelow's surprise, Ward proved a hard worker with innovative ideas who rose rapidly in the company. He always stayed close to Bigelow, claiming him as his best friend. How the effete Bigelow felt about a best buddy with gold teeth who said "dem"

"Over the following decades Charlie emulated his dog, having all of his teeth, top and bottom, capped in gleaming gold: the prototypical grill."

for "them" and "dose" for "those" was not recorded, but by 1930 Ward was director and vice president of the company. It was Charlie who made Rolf Armstrong the best-paid pin-up artist in America; Charlie who

Left: *A Winning Combination*, created by Rolf Armstrong in 1945 to celebrate the allied victory in WWII on this 1946 calendar.
Bottom: Salesman's sample of a multi-fold promotional holiday card produced by Brown & Bigelow with artwork by Bill Medcalf, ca. 1948.





Flamboyant ex-con—and Brown & Bigelow calendar company president—Charlie Ward, known for his extravagant parties, exotic cars, solid gold teeth, and great pin-up calendars.

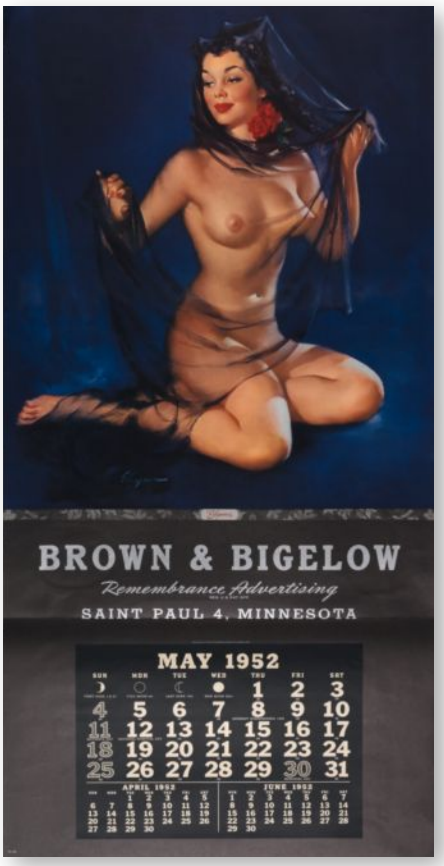

7D
9D
KODAK SAFETY FILM

signed Earl Moran in 1937 at $10,000 a year, plus studio rent and model fees; and Charlie who lured Gil Elvgren away from Louis F. Dow in 1944 with the bait of $2,000 a painting. Contrary to persistent rumors, it was not Charlie who upset Herbert Bigelow's canoe on Basswood Lake on September 19, 1933, and left him to drown while his guide swam to shore with his companion, the wife of the company's top salesman. It was Charlie who inherited the company, however, and a third of Bigelow's fortune, in a will drawn up shortly before the accident. Who hired Bigelow's guide was never explored.

So began the reign of Ward, and the golden age of Brown & Bigelow. Charlie immediately established a policy of hiring ex-cons, and secretly helped men still in prison. In the book John Dillinger Slept Here author Paul Maccabee states that in 1933 Ward gave gangster Bugsy Siegel $100,000 in an attempt to spring two Murder Inc. hit men from a Minnesota prison. Given the year, it's tempting to link this to Bigelow's fatal accident, but no connection can be made. To his credit, Ward treated his cons like any other employee, pushing all relentlessly, rewarding high achievers with bonuses and original pin-up art and firing the rest. B&B's turnover was so high that ex-employees became its biggest competitors: Several left to form the Shaw-Barton calendar company.

Hard as he was on salesmen, Ward paid his artists more than any other calendar company, and far outstripped the magazines. In 1939, George Petty was making $100 a centerfold at Esquire, while B&B paid $1000 for a comparable painting. Little wonder every pin-up artist hoped to land a contract with Brown & Bigelow. Ward also gave so conspicuously to charity that Life magazine named him the "World's Most Generous Man." Those privy to B&B's finances countered that Charlie Ward was his own favorite charity, estimating that it cost the company $1 million a year to maintain his lifestyle in 1955. His indulgence included multiple estates, including a 2000-acre farm in Wisconsin with a herd of buffalo, an 80,000-acre ranch in Arizona and a California beach house for nude sunbathing; a retinue of servants and personal assistants who traveled with him everywhere; a fleet of exotic cars fitted with bulletproof glass and custom gun holsters; weekly parties for hundreds of guests featuring rare game and costly gifts; a pocketful of gold cigarette lighters inscribed with his name, used to tip waiters and bell hops; and more diamond and gold jewelry than a '90s rap star.

Opposite and below: Artist Gil Elvgren photographed his own pin-up reference models, including these nude studies for Elegance, painted in 1950 for this 1952 Brown & Bigelow calendar.
Right: After three years digging through Midwestern basements and attics, proud editor Dian Hanson with the first copy and its stylish carrying case.



"In 1939, George Petty was making $100 a centerfold at Esquire, while B&B paid $1000 for a comparable painting. Little wonder every pin-up artist hoped to land a contract with Brown & Bigelow."

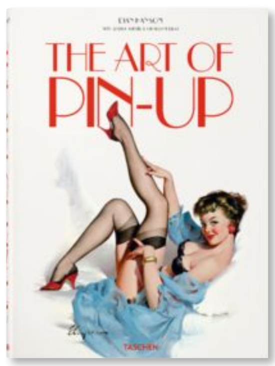
Just in case the grill wasn't bling enough. Ward's ultimate extravagance was the company's Diamond Jubilee of 1956. In the largest civilian airlift in American aviation history, he flew 1800 salesmen, artists and their families to St. Paul for a four-day bacchanalia. They dined on roast pig, pheasant and buffalo, and sipped champagne from ever-flowing fountains—but for all the show, things were not well at B&B.

Ward had taken the company public in 1948, and by the mid-'50s his expensive lifestyle was draining profits and driving down stock values. When he died in his sleep in a Beverly Hills hotel room on May 26, 1959, aged 73, his autocratic rule left no one fit to run to the company. Fearing its



stock would fall further, B&B quickly sold out to Standard Packaging Corporation, which downsized drastically, then sold the company on to Saxon Industries in 1970. It was during the Saxon rule that a catalog was compiled of all the company-owned pin-up art, over 1000 Armstrongs, Buells, Elvgrens, MacPhersons, Morans, Mozerts, Munsons and Runcis, with prices ranging from $25 to $300. One by one they went, and when sales slacked off the remainder were sold at 10 for $100.

Saxon declared bankruptcy in 1983, and the company languished until 1988, when William Smith Sr., one of Charlie Ward's old salesmen, bought it. Smith still runs the company with his two sons. Though the art is gone and calendars are no longer the company's main product, the Smiths have preserved the vast Brown & Bigelow calendar archive, and maintain the attendant copyrights, licensing usage for images by Gil Elvgren, Earl Moran, Rolf Armstrong, Zoe Mozert and others.



XL

The Art of Pin-up
Dian Hanson
Hardcover, 546 pp.
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135

“Art Frahm’s gleefully fanciful genre features fresh-faced young wives trying to make their way through the world, only to find their panties around their ankles.”

— Sarahjane Blum, Grapefruit Moon Gallery

***The Shakedown*, one of 12 calendar illustrations by Art Frahm** for his notorious “embarrassment” series, in which young women laden with groceries experience lingerie malfunction in public, 1955.

***Come and Get It*, by Gil Elvgren** appears in the book as part of a 4-page fold-out celebrating Elvgren’s cowgirl pin-ups; more fold-outs are found in the George Petty and Alberto Vargas chapters, 1959.




Elvgren


Medcalf

A Kelly-Springfield Celebrity Tires calendar by Bill Medcalf, produced by Brown & Bigelow. Medcalf was a B&B staff artist whose skill with painting automobiles equaled his ability with women, thus he was given all the automotive accounts. Arizona's Monument Valley adorns the background, ca. 1954.

Earle Bergey was a popular magazine cover artist for *Silk Stocking Stories*, *High Heel Magazine* and many others, ca. 1935

***Miss January*, by George Petty** for the 1952 RIDGID tools calendar. Petty, the famous *Esquire* magazine pin-up artist, illustrated both the 1952 and 1953 RIDGID calendars, making them by far the most collectible of the company's 80 yearly calendars, dating from 1935 to the present, 1951.





"What was the deal with those ballet shoes? Unlike the telephones, which were conceived to facilitate captions, Petty never explained."

— Dian Hanson

***The Veil*, by Alberto Vargas.**
Though dated 1924, it's now known that Vargas went back years after painting his early works and filled in dates, many incorrect. The skill seen in this nude places it in his Twentieth Century Fox period of 1930 to 1939, ca. 1930.

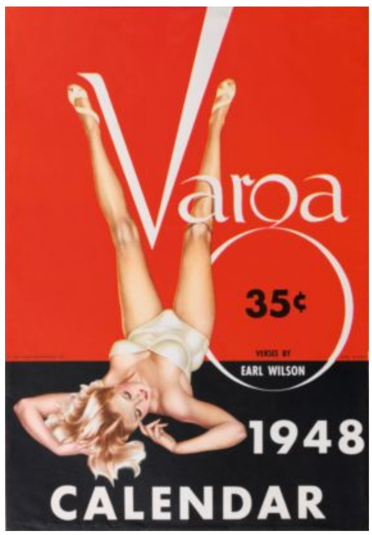
When working for *Esquire* the editor asked Vargas to use
the abbreviated name Varga. When he finally freed himself from the punishing magazine contract in 1948 he released his own calendar of pin-ups under the Varga name, seen here, and was promptly sued by *Esquire*, which had copyrighted the name.

Peter Driben's artwork for the October 1950 cover of *Wink*
magazine, launched in 1944. *Wink* was one of six iconic titles published by Robert Harrison in the 1940s and '50s, including *Beauty Parade*, *Eyeful*, *Titter*, *Flirt* and *Whisper* as well as *Wink*, all with covers by Driben, 1950

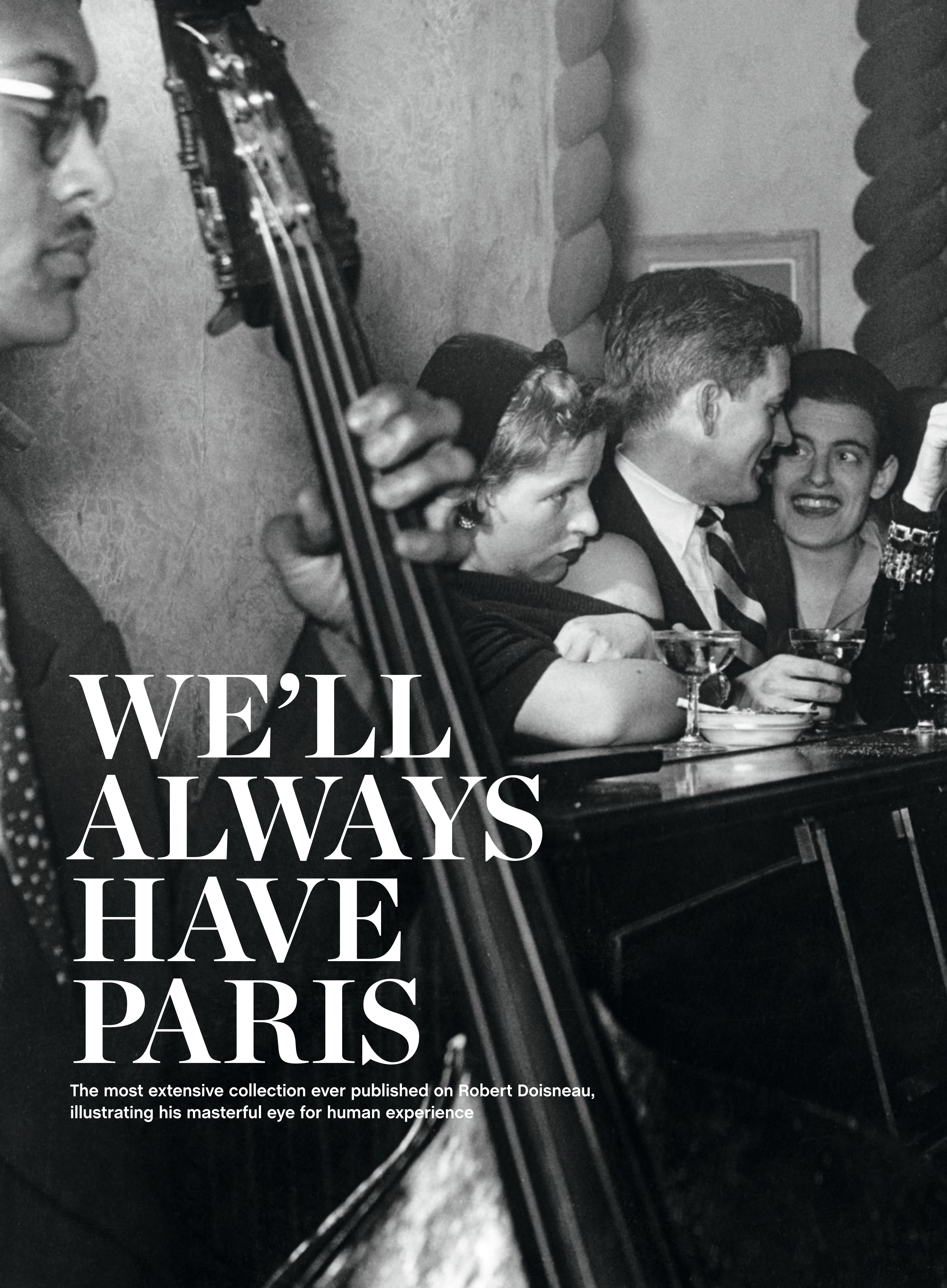


"Alberto Vargas' life was a love story. He loved his mother, he loved his wife, he loved women, and he loved painting."

— Theron Kabrich, San Francisco Art Exchange




SORRY
WRONG NUMBER
SORRY
WRONG NUMBER
PETER
DRIBEN



WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE PARIS

The most extensive collection ever published on Robert Doisneau, illustrating his masterful eye for human experience



“I’m doing a reportage on Saint-Germain-des-Prés — cellar bars, characters, *artistes* — in short, the cutting-edge of Western civilization.”

— Robert Doisneau

Chez Inès, Saint-Germain-des-Prés, 1949



***Tati's Bike,* Paris, 1949**

Jacques Tati was one of many artists photographed by Doisneau, who excelled in the singular portrait as much as he did in group shots.

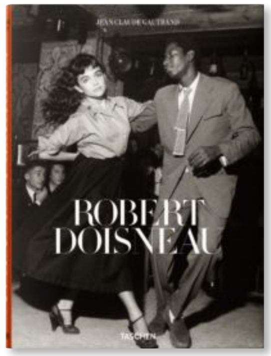
"He is the most meticulous person I know. Tati spent two hours taking the old bicycle to pieces. He has the same patience with every kind of mechanism: a gag is just another piece of clockwork."

— Robert Doisneau



Mademoiselle Anita,
La Boule Rouge, Paris, 1951
It was on pedestrian expeditions to the Parisian suburbs that Doisneau captured many of his now iconic images, such as *Mademoiselle Anita*, *Monsieur Barré's Merry-Go-Round*, or *The Musical Butchers*.

***Dance in Rue de Nantes*, July 14 1955**
Doisneau's friend, poet Jacques Prévert, can be seen next to the right-hand pavement. In 1992 Doisneau published *Rue Jacques Prévert*, one of no less than 24 books that he produced in the last 14 years of his life.



Robert Doisneau
Jean Claude Gautrand
Hardcover, 540 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99





Dutch-born illustrator Beatrice Braun-Fock
moved from Amsterdam to Munich at age thirteen. She published her first picture book in 1919, later becoming one of the most important children's book illustrators in Germany. She collaborated with many famous children's authors, such as James Krüss, and illustrated more than fifty books until 1960. In *Winter and the Children*, Braun-Fock infuses the illustrations with her characteristic sense of humor and freedom.

"The perfect addition to those evenings of hot cocoa, marshmallows, and blankets."



SPARKLING TALES FOR A SPECIAL SEASON

Stories of winter from around the world



TOO MANY MITTENS

Written by Florence Slobodkin and illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (1958)

Twins lose a red mitten and the whole neighborhood helps find it.



Children of the Northlights

Written and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (1935)

A brother and sister of the Sami people weather a typical winter in northern Scandinavia.



THE BALLAD OF THE SNOW KING

Written by Tadeusz Kubiak and illustrated by Zbigniew Rychlicki (1968)

The Snow King's winter is ended by a mysterious visitor.



THE COWBOY'S CHRISTMAS

Written and illustrated by Joan Walsh Anglund (1972)

A boy and his imaginary friend, Bear, prepare for the big day.



A TRIP TO GINGERBREAD LAND

Written and illustrated by Einar Nerman (1939)

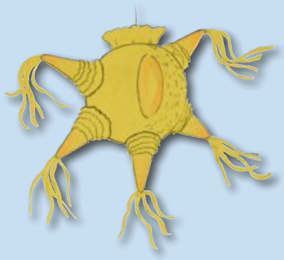
A brother and sister share a magical journey.



WINTER AND THE CHILDREN

Written by Hilde Hoffmann and illustrated by Beatrice Braun-Fock (1959)

A big city gets the season's first big snow and school is closed.



Nine Days to Christmas

Written by Marie Hall Ets and Aurora Labastida and illustrated by Marie Hall Ets (1957)

A girl anticipates her first Las Posadas, a Latin American Christmas celebration.



MARILYN AND THE SNOW CHILDREN

Written and illustrated by Sibylle von Olfers (1905)

Snowflakes surprise a little girl with a visit to the Snow Queen.



The Friendly Beasts

Written by Laura Nelson Baker and illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov (1957)

Stable animals await the birth of Jesus, deciding what gifts they will give.



The Night Before Christmas

Written by Clement C. Moore and illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith (1912; text 1822)

St. Nicholas and his reindeer spread cheer in this holiday classic.



THE RED HORSE

Written and illustrated by Elsa Moeschlin (1935)

A boy receives a magical Dala horse for Christmas.



THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Written by anonymous and illustrated by Ilonka Karasz (1949)

The famous carol of late medieval origin is reimagined.



MOY MOY

Written and illustrated by Leo Politi (1960)

A little sister helps get ready for Chinese New Year.

Despite its chilly weather and barren landscapes, wintertime has inspired some of the most magical and heartwarming stories in history. This season of celebration, frost and snow, religion, tradition, and adventure has produced such holiday classics as Clement Moore's **'Twas the Night Before Christmas,** ***and such colorful tales as an account of a pre-Christmas Posada parade in Mexico City.***

A Treasury of Wintertime Tales ***pays homage to this rich variety of winter storytelling with thirteen tales dating 1823–1972. Featuring authors and illustrators of American, German, Hungarian, Italian, Mexican, Norwegian, Russian, and Swedish descent, it includes stories about playful snowflakes that have come to life, losing one's mittens, encounters with the Sami people in Northern Scandinavia, celebrating the Chinese New Year, and more.***

Each tale has been chosen for its inspiring artwork and soulful plot, resulting in a carefully-curated collection of adventure, community, and culture.



A Treasury of Wintertime Tales
Noel Daniel (Ed.)
Hardcover, clothbound, 324 pp.
$ 39.99 / € 29.99 / £ 24.99



November 9, 1960. By 11 a.m. est on the day after the election, Nixon still hadn't conceded.

Kennedy was still believed to be 11 electoral votes short of victory (though at least one TV network had called the election for him earlier that morning). An hour and a half later, Minnesota's votes took JFK over the top. A telegram soon arrived: "I want to repeat through this wire congratulations and best wishes I extended to you on television last night," it read. "I know that you have united support of all Americans as you lead this nation in the cause of peace and freedom during the next four years." Nixon aide Herb Klein read the same statement in a live television broadcast; finally, Nixon had admitted defeat. Photo: Henri Dauman

AMERICA's FIRST SOAP OPERA



Superman Comes to the Supermarket

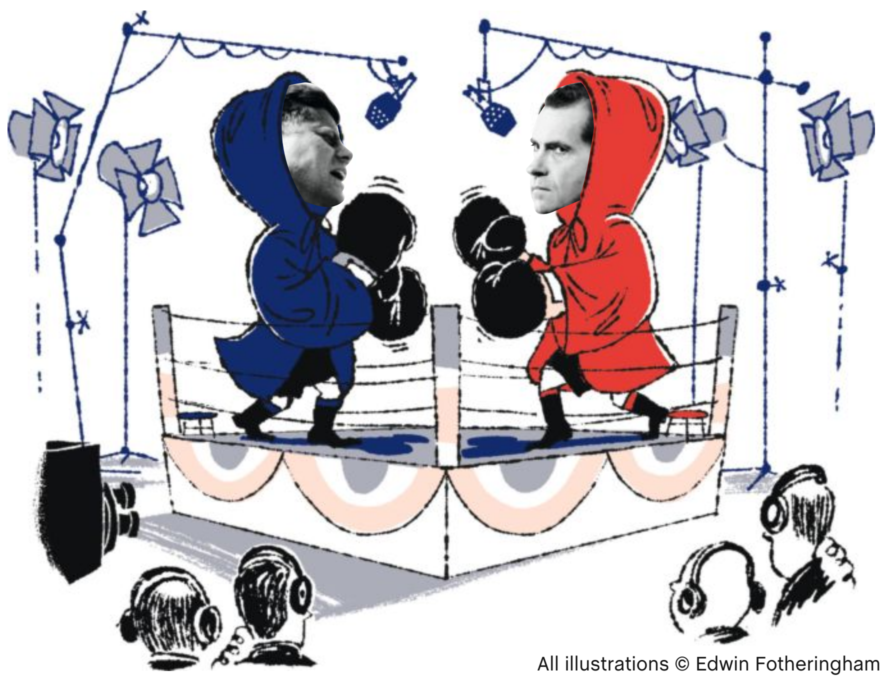
An inside look into John F. Kennedy's 1960 campaign for America
By Norman Mailer



[No one had too much doubt that Kennedy would be nominated, but if elected he would be not only the youngest President ever to be chosen by voters, he would be the most conventionally attractive young man ever to sit in the White House, and his wife — some would claim it — might be the most beautiful first lady in our history. Of necessity the myth would emerge once more, because America's politics would now be also America's favorite movie, America's first soap opera, America's best-seller. One thinks of the talents of writers like Taylor Caldwell or Frank Yerby, or is it rather The Fountainhead which would contain such a fleshing of the romantic prescription? Or is it indeed one's own work which is called into question? "Well, there's your first hipster," says a writer one knows at the convention, "Sergius O'Shaugnessy born rich," and the temptation is to nod, for it could be true, a war hero, and the heroism is bona fide, even exceptional, a man who has lived with death, who, crippled in the back, took on an operation which would kill him or restore him to power, who chose to marry a lady whose face might be too imaginative for the taste of a democracy which likes its first ladies to be executives of home-management, a man who courts political suicide by choosing to go all out for a nomination four, eight, or twelve years before his political elders think he is ready, a man who announces a week prior to the convention that the young are better fitted to direct history than the old. Yes, it captures the attention. This is no routine candidate calling every shot by safety's routine book ("Yes," Nixon said, naturally but terribly tired an hour after his nomination, the TV cameras and lights and microphones bringing out a sweat of fatigue on his face, the words coming very slowly from the tired brain, somber, modest, sober, slow, slow enough so that one could touch emphatically the cautions behind each word, "Yes, I want to say," said Nixon, "that whatever abilities I have, I got from my mother." A tired pause . . . dull moment of warning, " . . . and my father." The connection now made, the rest comes easy, " . . . and my school and my church." Such men are capable of anything.)

One had the opportunity to study Kennedy a bit in the days that followed. His style in the press conferences was interesting. Not terribly popular with the reporters (too much a contemporary, and yet too difficult to understand, he received nothing like the rounds of applause given to Eleanor Roosevelt, Stevenson, Humphrey, or even Johnson), he carried himself nonetheless with a cool grace which seemed indifferent to applause, his manner somehow similar to the poise of a fine boxer, quick with his hands, neat in his timing, and two feet away from his corner when the bell ended the round. There was a good lithe wit to his responses, a dry Harvard wit, a keen sense of proportion in disposing of difficult questions — invariably he gave enough of an answer to be formally satisfactory without ever opening himself to a new question which might go further than the first. Asked by a reporter, "Are you for Adlai as vice-president?" the grin came forth and the voice turned very dry, "No, I cannot say we have considered Adlai as a vice-president." Yet there was an elusive detachment to everything he did. One did not have the feeling of a man present in the room with all his weight and all his mind. Johnson gave you all of himself, he was a political animal, he breathed like an animal, sweated like one, you knew his mind was entirely absorbed with the compendium of political fact and maneuver; Kennedy seemed at times like a young professor whose manner was adequate for the class-

> **"[H]is manner [was] somehow similar to the poise of a fine boxer, quick with his hands, neat in his timing, and two feet away from his corner when the bell ended the round."**



All illustrations © Edwin Fotheringham

room, but whose mind was off in some intricacy of the Ph.D. thesis he was writing. Perhaps one can give a sense of the discrepancy by saying that he was like an actor who had been cast as the candidate, a good actor, but not a great one — you were aware all the time that the role was one thing and the man another — they did not coincide, the actor seemed a touch too aloof (as, let us say, Gregory Peck is usually too aloof) to become the part. Yet one had little sense of whether to value this elusiveness, or to beware of it. One could be witnessing the fortitude of a superior sensitivity or the detachment of a man who was not quite real to himself. And his voice gave no clue. When Johnson spoke, one could separate what was fraudulent from what was felt, he would have been satisfying as an actor the way Broderick Crawford or Paul Douglas are satisfying; one saw into his emotions, or at least had the illusion that one did. Kennedy's voice, however, was only a fair voice, too reedy, near to strident, it had the metallic snap of a cricket in it somewhere, it was more impersonal than the man, and so became the least-impressive quality in a face, a body, a selection of language, and a style of movement which made up a better-than-decent presentation, better than one had expected. [. . .]

His personal quality had a subtle, not quite describable intensity, a suggestion of dry pent heat perhaps, his eyes large, the pupils grey, the whites prominent, almost shocking, his most forceful feature: he had the eyes of a mountaineer. His appearance changed with his mood, strikingly so, and this made him always more interesting than what he was saying. He would seem at one moment older than his age, forty-eight or fifty, a tall, slim, sunburned professor with a pleasant weathered face, not even particularly handsome; five minutes later,

“Kennedy had a dozen faces. Although they were not at all similar as people, the quality was reminiscent of someone like Brando ...”

talking to a press conference on his lawn, three microphones before him, a television camera turning, his appearance would have gone through a metamorphosis, he would look again like a movie star, his coloring vivid, his manner rich, his gestures strong and quick, alive with that concentration of vitality a successful actor always seems to radiate. Kennedy had a dozen faces.

“America's politics would now be also America's favorite movie, America's first soap opera, America's bestseller.”



Although they were not at all similar as people, the quality was reminiscent of someone like Brando whose expression rarely changes, but whose appearances seems to shift from one person into another as the minutes go by, and one bothers with this comparison because, like Brando, Kennedy's most characteristic quality is the remote and private air of a man who has traversed some lonely terrain of experience, of loss and gain, of nearness to death, which leaves him isolated from the mass of others. [. . .]

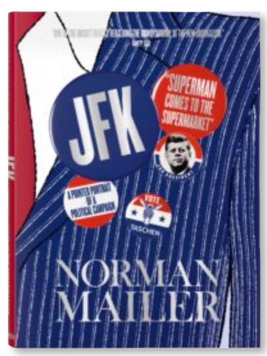
Talking to a man who had been with Kennedy in Hyannis Port the week before the convention, I heard that he was in a state of deep fatigue.

“Well, he didn't look tired at the convention,” one commented.

“Oh, he had three days of rest. Three days of rest for him is like six months for us.”

One thinks of that three-mile swim with the belt in his mouth and McMahon holding it behind him. There are pestilences which sit in the mouth and rot the teeth — in those five hours how much of the psyche must have been remade, for to give vent to the bite in one's jaws and yet use that rage to save a life: it is not so very many men who have the apocalyptic sense that heroism is the First Doctor.

If one had a profound criticism of Kennedy it was that his public mind was too conventional, but that seemed to matter less than the fact of such a man in office because the law of political life had become so dreary that only a conventional mind could win an election. Indeed there could be no politics which gave warmth to one's body until the country had recovered its imagination, its pioneer lust for the unexpected and incalculable. It was the changes that might come afterward on which one could put one's hope. With such a man in office the myth of the nation would again be engaged, and the fact that he was Catholic would shiver a first existential vibration of consciousness into the mind of the White Protestant. For the first time in our history, the Protestant would have the pain and creative luxury of feeling himself in some tiny degree part of a minority, and that was an experience which might be incommensurable in its value to the best of them.



XL

Norman Mailer, JFK.
Superman Comes to the Supermarket
Hardcover, 370 pp.
$ 150 / € 99.99 / £ 99.99





July 11, 1960. JFK's assets were varied and many, but of utmost importance were the Kennedy women, beginning with Jackie and extending through matriarch, Rose, the sisters — Eunice (left), Jean, and Pat — and the sisters-in-law — Joan and Ethel (center and right). All worked hard for the cause, whether in genteel afternoon teas or out-on-the-hustings campaigning. Photo: Jacques Lowe

May 1960. JFK, an obsessive reader of newspapers, uses the dim light from the Butler Aviation facility at LaGuardia Airport to catch up on the news during his primary campaign. Photo: Ed Clark

"If elected he would be not only the youngest President ever to be chosen by voters, he would be the most conventionally attractive young man ever to sit in the White House, and his wife . . . might be the most beautiful first lady in our history . . ."
—Norman Mailer



October 21, 1960. The fourth—and final—televised presidential debate between Kennedy and Richard Nixon plays in a New York bar. The election was less than a month away. Photo: Cornell Capa



Ca. July 9–13, 1960. Kennedy supporters parade outside the Knickerbocker Hotel in Hollywood. With an estimated 45,000 to 50,000 delegates flooding the city, hotels were filled far beyond the downtown area. The largest demonstrations would be reserved for the main floor of the convention proceedings during the heart of the nomination process, but they also pervaded the galleries, hotel lobbies, and venues all across the city with the purpose of pushing their candidate to the fore. Photo: Hank Walker

Fall 1960. On a drive through Illinois, Paul Schutzer turns his camera on his colleagues in the press. The assumption, today, that the media had one big collective crush on Kennedy is at least somewhat belied by Norman Mailer's insight that he was "Not terribly popular with the reporters (too much a contemporary, and yet too difficult to understand . . .)." Photo: Paul Schutzer

April 5, 1960. On the evening of the Wisconsin primary, Senator Kennedy is interviewed by a Wisconsin tv news reporter. Of the 16 Democratic primaries that spring, Kennedy entered 10 — avoiding states like Ohio, California, and Florida with "favorite sons" (governors or senators) in the race. Without the support of party insiders, Kennedy's team had devised a strategy to go to the people directly. Key wins in just enough primary races would demonstrate his potential to overcome his youth and his religion before the convention in July. Wins in Wisconsin and West Virginia emerged as key "momentum-builders," leading to a sweep of every race he entered. Photo: Stan Wayman




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“His manner was rich, his gestures strong and quick, alive with that concentration of vitality a successful actor always seems to radiate.”
—Norman Mailer

The Kennedys take a triumphant ride down New York City’s “Canyon of Heroes” in a ticker-tape parade in their honor. October 19, 1960. Photo: Cornell Capa

In his televised address from the Ambassador Hotel, with a tearful Pat by his side, Nixon tells the crowd: “[A]s I look at the board here, while there are still some results to come in . . . if the present trend continues, Senator Kennedy will be the next president of the United States.” This wasn’t an official concession by Nixon, however, as one of his aides, Herb Klein, spelled out; rather it was a kind of conditional concession, leaving the door open in case of an upset. November 8, 1960. Photo: Lawrence Schiller

January 20, 1961. Of the five inaugural balls that evening, the biggest was held at the National Armory in Washington, D.C., where, as one account put it, “two-and-a-half acres of Kennedy fans waited elbow-to-elbow.” Photo: Paul Schutzer



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THE
ROLLING
STONES
TASCHEN

Page 83

A variation of the classic cover of *Between The Buttons*. The photographer Gered Mankowitz describes how he got his famous photos: "I constructed a filter of black card, glass and Vaseline that I attached to the 50 mm lens on my Hasselblad camera. This gave the images their strange, ethereal, slightly druggy quality, with the guys dissolving into the background, and the backgrounds appearing as abstract shapes."
Gered Mankowitz. Primrose Hill, London (Art Edition No. 151–225)



Mick Jagger, New York, 2014.
Photo: Brigitte Lacombe.

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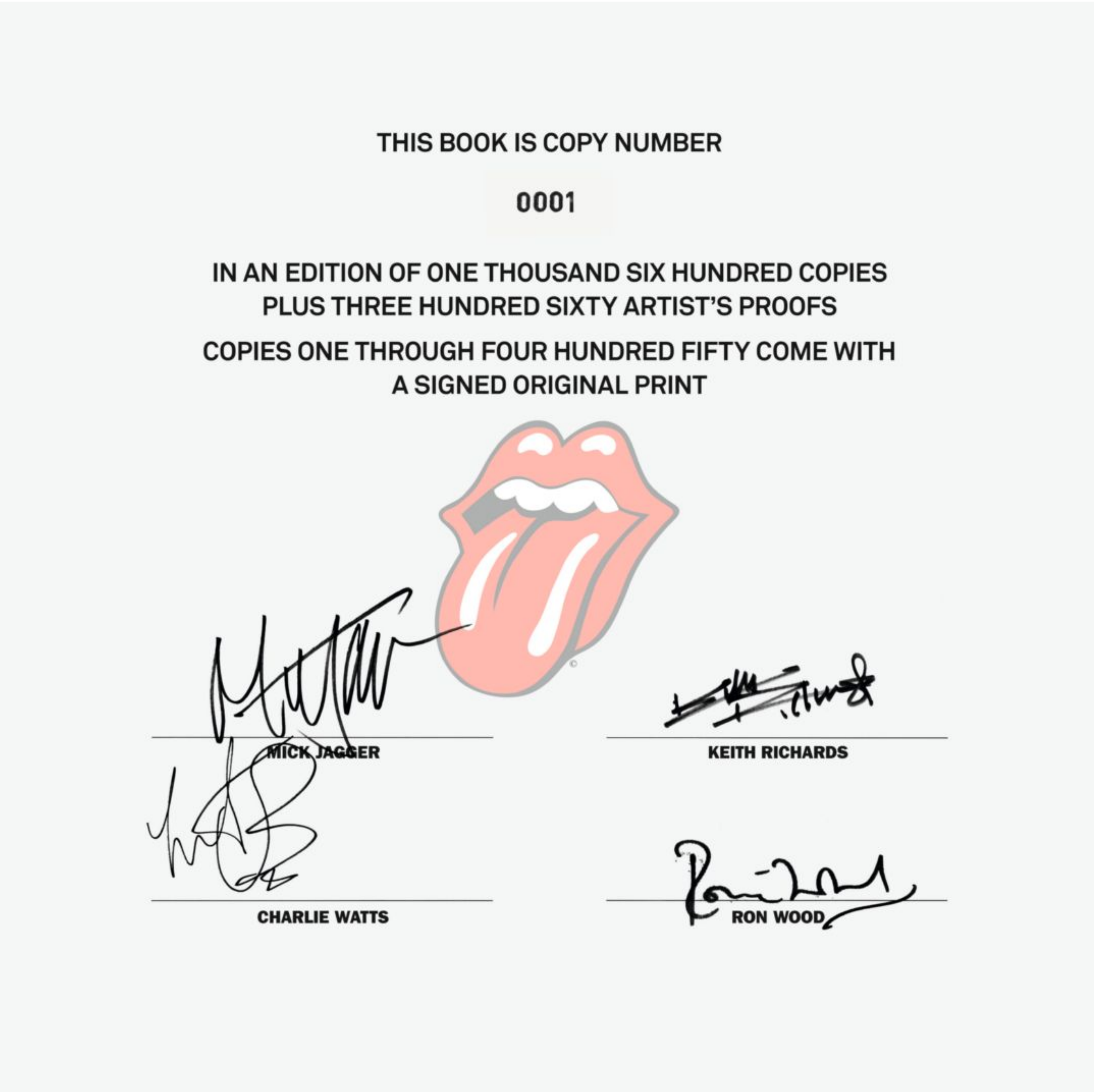
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Mick Jagger from the cover session
for the album *Goats Head Soup*
David Bailey. London (Art Edition No. 1–75)

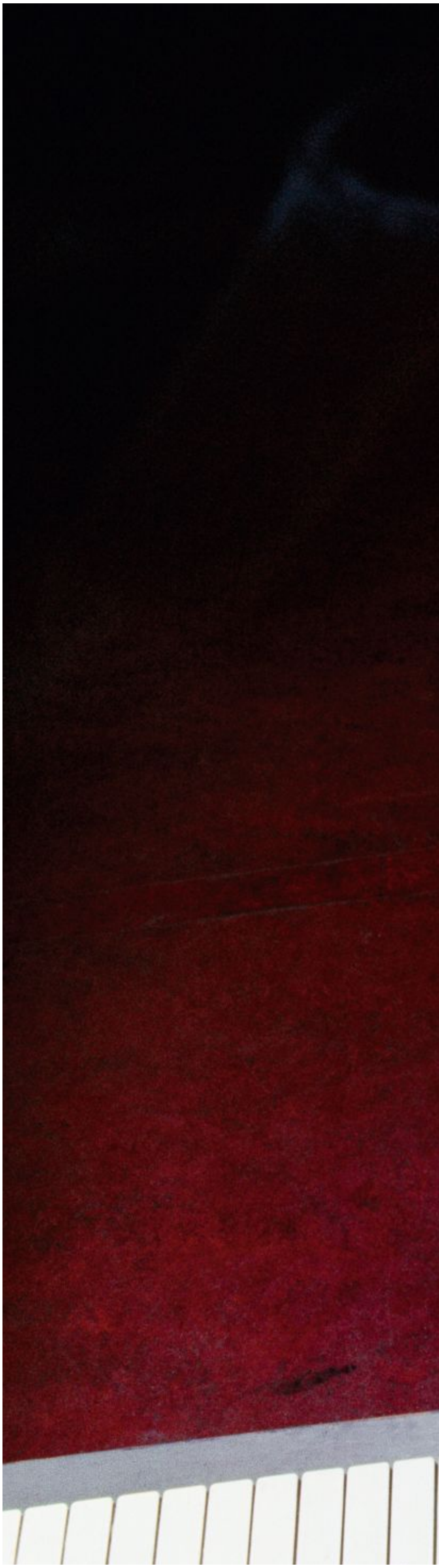


“This book isn’t just rock ’n‘ roll, it‘s a roller coaster through fifty years of memory lane!”

—Keith Richards

TAKE HOME A STONE!

This December, TASCHEN will be unveiling its Hollywood gallery on 8070 Beverly Blvd. with an inaugural show:
It’s just a shot away: A celebration of the greatest Rock ‘n’ Roll band in photographs.
To coincide with the launch of this book, we have curated a special exhibition featuring artists such as David Bailey, Anton Corjibn, Ethan Russell, Gered Mankowitz, Bent Rej, Dominique Tarlé, and several others. The limited edition and signed prints will be available for purchase.



With time to kill, Keith indulged in some keyboard-playing.

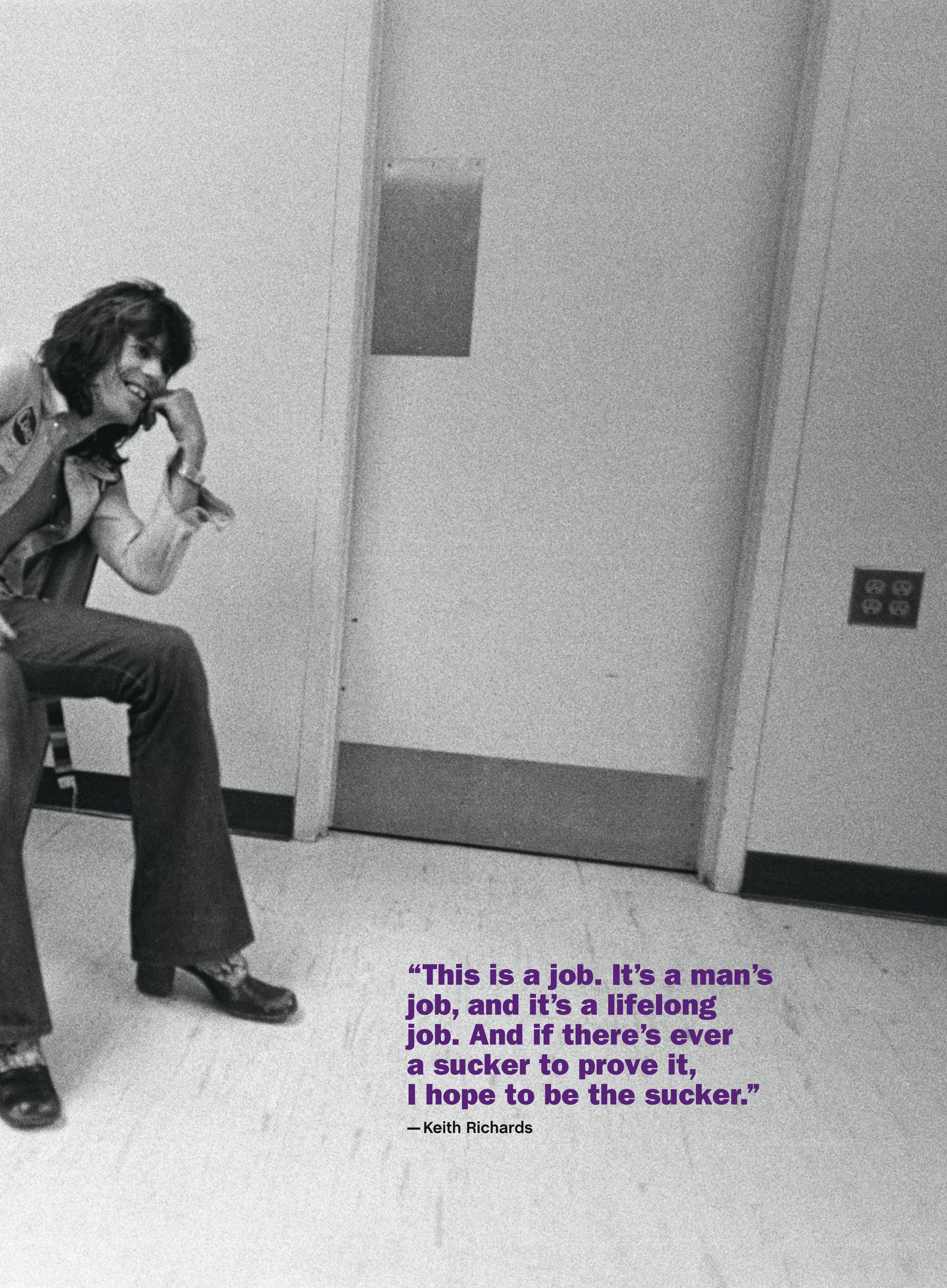
“We get a kick from every song for a while and then we get fed up with it and write another one. But we get the horrors in a discothèque when they play something of ours – usually a whole LP or something. At first a lot of the songs we wrote were for other people, but now everything we write we can do for ourselves.” Keith Richards, *Melody Maker*, 24 September 1966

Bent Rej. Copenhagen (Art Edition No. 76–150)





Keith and Mick backstage,
at the Los Angeles Forum.
Ethan Russell. Los Angeles
(Art Edition No. 301–375)



“This is a job. It’s a man’s job, and it’s a lifelong job. And if there’s ever a sucker to prove it, I hope to be the sucker.”

—Keith Richards





This shot of the Stones would predate the band's flirtation with psychedelia—a full year before assimilating with nature would become a fashionable pursuit. This photograph was part of the same session for the compilation record *Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass)*.

Guy Webster. Franklin Canyon Park, Los Angeles (Art Edition No. 226–300)

“We were lucky enough to work with some of the greatest photographers in the world who captured many magical moments of our career. This volume brings together some incredible pictures spanning the past fifty years.”

—Mick Jagger



Time out following a show at the Népstadion venue on 8 August 1995, as part of the Voodoo Lounge tour.

“The band’s new album, Voodoo Lounge, is ragged and glorious, revelling in the quintessential rock & roll the Stones marked as their own some 30 years ago.” Barbara O’Dair, *Rolling Stone magazine*

Anton Corbijn. Budapest, Hungary (Art Edition No. 376–450)











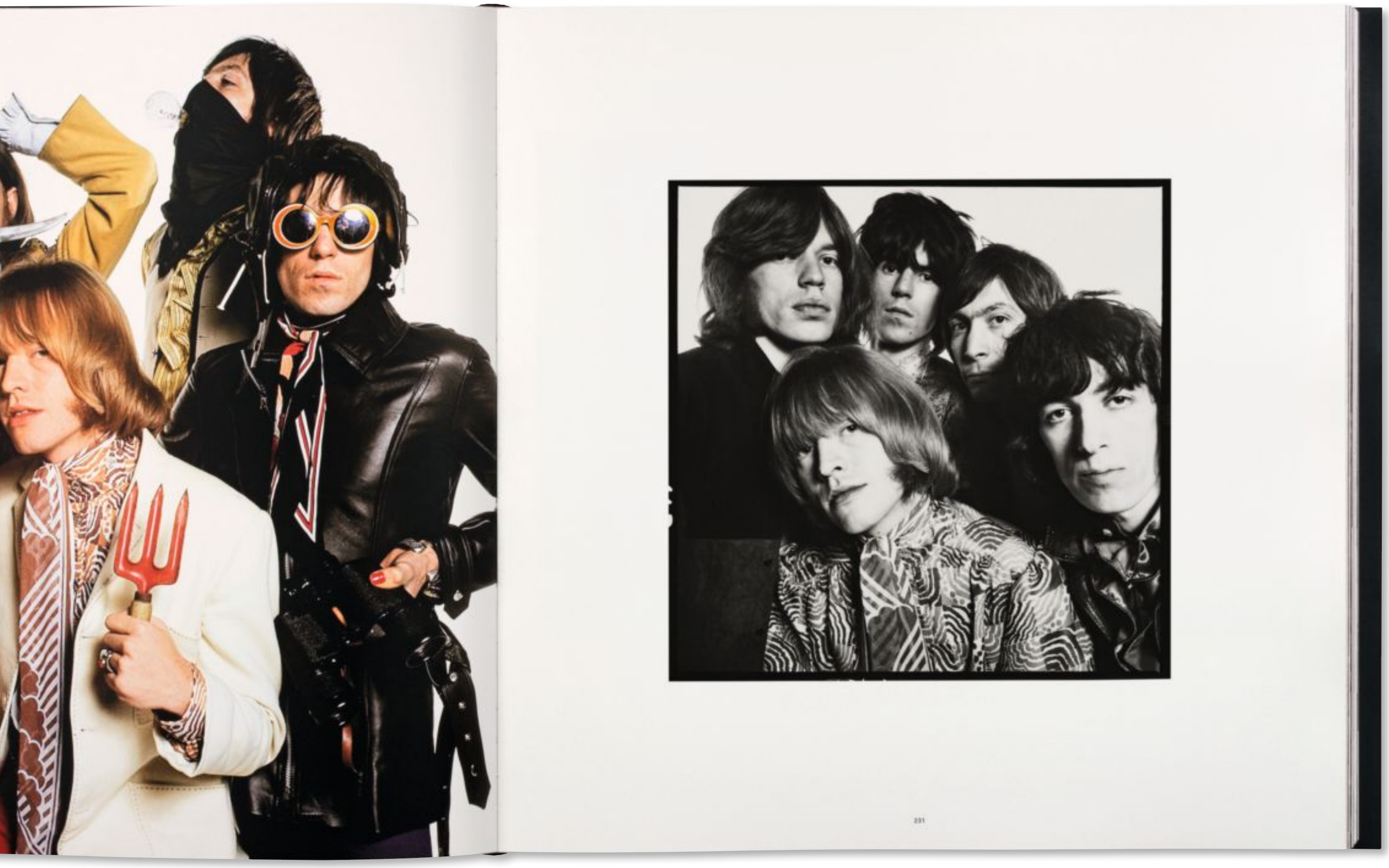
Produced in collaboration with the band and signed by all four members, this SUMO-sized book charts the Stones' remarkable history and outrageously cool lifestyle. With one-of-a-kind archival access, featuring many illustrations, and a foreword written by President Bill Clinton, it includes over 500 pages of incredible images by David Bailey, Cecil Beaton, Anton Corbijn, Annie Leibovitz, Helmut Newton, Norman Parkinson, Albert Watson, and over 60 other photographers.






Foreword by President Bill Clinton




231











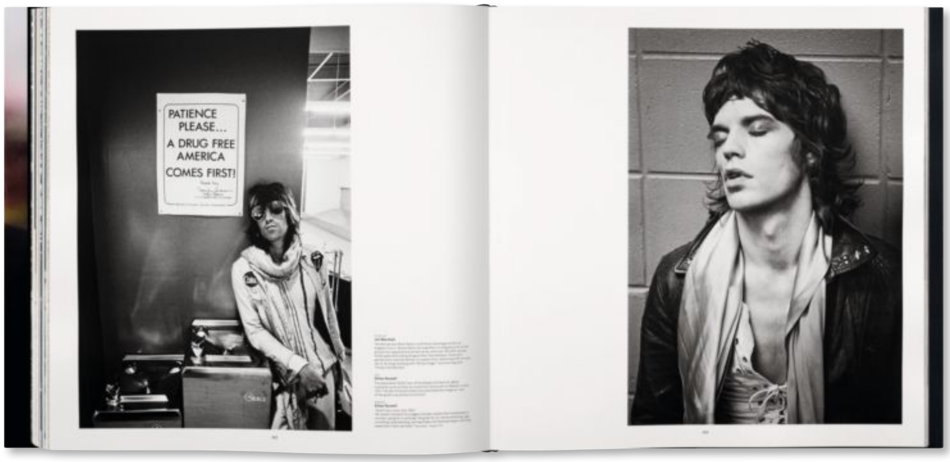



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SUMO SIZE





“An artifact of delirious beauty and profound curatorial passion.”

— Junot Díaz


THE
Marvel Age
OF Comics

A mighty history

Building the House of Ideas
By Roy Thomas



Prince Namor, the Sub-Mariner, the Angel. The Masked Raider, Ka-Zar. They were all hell-raisers, these forerunners of the Marvel Comics cast of heroes and villains who now number in the thousands. They were out for blood, and they were going to change the world. And, you know what? They sort of did.

The Golden Age of Marvel Comics

Back to 1934: Publisher Martin Goodman was soon putting out a number of magazines, emanating from several different corporations, including Timely Comics. His publishing philosophy was stated succinctly in a 1937 interview in the trade magazine *Literary Digest*: "If you get a title that catches on, then add a few more, you're in for a nice profit." For the rest of his publishing days, he would live and die by that credo.

But 1939 was to be the year that Martin Goodman discovered comic books. Or, perhaps more accurately, it was the year they discovered him. . . .

Captain America No. 1 was not yet on sale when another Timely staffer was added: Stanley Lieber. Editor Joe Simon asked the young Lieber to write the text story for *Captain America* No. 3, figuring the assignment might keep the teenager out of his hair. The two-page "Captain America Foils the Traitor's Revenge!" became the first tale published with the byline "by Stan Lee"—and the first-ever collaboration of Stan Lee and Jack Kirby, since the latter drew the accompanying illustration. Stanley Lieber, like Jacob Kurtzberg and many another talent in the field, was saving his real name for the greater things he would surely create one day.

Pages 100–101: *Amazing Spider-Man* No. 1
Cover; pencils, Jack Kirby; inks, Steve Ditko; March 1963.
Top: *U.S.A. Comics* No. 1
House ad; art, possibly Bill King; August 1941.
Right: *Marvel Comics* No. 2 Prototype
Cover prototype; watercolor and gouache art, Bill Everett; 1939.
Opposite: *All Winners Comics* No. 4
Cover; pencils and inks, Al Avison; Spring 1942.

Goodman asked Stanley, who was now "Stan Lee" in earnest, to hold the fort as editor until he could find a regular replacement for Simon. Lee, who wouldn't even turn nineteen till that December 28 and had been at Timely for only eight months, plunged into the task with gusto. . . .

> **"We speak now of a 'comic book industry,' but the word 'industry' scarcely does justice to the mad scramble of entrepreneurs, racketeers, salesmen, printers, and cartoonists to feed that exploding new market."**
>
> — Gerard Jones

By the early 1950s Goodman was adding titles like there was no tomorrow, with his new Atlas line soon becoming one of the country's largest comic book publishers. It sometimes seemed as if half the comics on sale sported that little sphere logo. The




NO. 4
ALL WINNERS
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A. AVISON
CAPTAIN AMERICA HUMAN TORCH SUB MARINER DESTROYER WHIZZER
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— Glen David Gold





sheer number of Atlas titles forced smaller publishers to gasp for a breath of air on the crowded newsstands.

Instead, what did look for a time as if it might drown Goodman, and indeed the entire comic-book industry, was the rising tide of public indignation concerning certain disturbing new trends in comics. . . . By 1954, the year in which more comic book titles were published than ever before or since, a Senate subcommittee investigated comic books in televised proceedings. Its star witness was the field's sternest critic, psychiatrist Fredric Wertham. EC publisher William Gaines, testifying before the subcommittee, only made things worse by defending a cover that showed a man holding a bloody axe and a woman's severed head. The publishers couldn't wait for the investigation to be over.



The World Would Never Be the Same Again!

Almost immediately after *Fantastic Four* No. 1 went on sale at the turn of August 1961 (with a November cover date), Lee and Goodman began to realize they had struck a nerve.

Even before they could receive preliminary sales figures, letters poured in to the Timely offices—from children, from teenagers, even from adults—most lauding the virtues of the F.F.! Oh, there were a few complaints—demands that the heroes get costumes and (from older readers, who remembered the original Torch) for a return to that hero's classic look—but mostly the comments were wildly positive. Readers were knocked out by the interplay between the characters, so much more realistic than they got in Superman or Batman. Even the dastardly Mole Man elicited their sympathy, for what kid or teenager couldn't identify with a man who was spurned and hated because he didn't fit into society? Perhaps Lee's notions about writing comics from a more sophisticated approach to writing comics were bearing fruit. Of course, he was keenly aware that Kirby's dynamic art was also crucial, while the inspiration to have one of the heroes be a grotesque monster had clearly been the most brilliant stroke of all.

Naturally, Goodman wanted a follow-up to *Fantastic Four*. Since it was clear that the breakout character in the comic was Ben Grimm, the second new title starred not a costumed super hero but another grotesquerie. *The Incredible Hulk* combined ele-

> "I tell you . . . that bullpen in those years? That was the best job in the world."
>
> — Herb Trimpe

Opposite: *The Incredible Hulk* No. 1. Cover; pencils, Jack Kirby; inks, attributed Jack Kirby. September 1962.
Top: *Avengers Annual* No. 2 Interior; script, Roy Thomas; pencils, John Buscema; inks, Bill Everett; Summer 1968.
Left: *Strange Tales* No. 89 Interior, "Fin Fang Foom!"; script, attributed Stan Lee and Larry Lieber; pencils, Jack Kirby; inks, Dick Ayers; October 1961.





Far left: *X-Men* No. 4
Cover; pencils, Jack Kirby; inks, Paul Reinman; March 1964.
Left: *Fantastic Four* No. 59
Cover; pencils, Jack Kirby; inks, Joe Sinnott; February 1967.
Right: *Amazing Fantasy* No. 15
Original art, Steve Ditko, 1962.

ments of Frankenstein and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

That summer's third new hero had actually premiered a bit earlier. Lee enjoyed scripting the short fantasy stories with twist endings (in the vein of TV's hit *Twilight Zone*) on which he collaborated with artist/co-plotter Steve Ditko. So he had talked Goodman into changing the title and format of the unsuccessful *Amazing Adventures*, commencing with *Amazing Adult Fantasy* No. 7 (December 1961), which debuted only a week after *Fantastic Four*. *AAF's* eight issues are fondly remembered, but sales were poor. So with No. 15 the title was changed again, this time to just *Amazing Fantasy*—and it introduced a teenage super hero called Spider-Man. Over the next couple of years, Lee and Ditko introduced a formidable rogues' gallery of villains: the Vulture, Sandman, the Lizard, Electro, Dr. Octopus—"Doc Ock," for short. But, most of all, it was the tension between the hero's two personas—Peter Parker and Spider-Man—that turned his title into an instant hit, which over the next three years would grow to become the company's second-best-selling comic, right behind *Fantastic Four*.

The Next Generation

In the summer of '66, a young writer-artist (and former stage magician) named Jim Steranko showed up at the Marvel offices—and walked away with the assignment to draw the S.H.I.E.L.D. feature, originally over Kirby's layouts but quickly assuming the full penciling and even the writing. While heavily influenced by Kirby, Steranko also brought in visual influences from movies, Op Art, Pop Art, and Daliesque surrealism. He was a new star on the horizon . . . and the first new artist hired by Goodman's comics company in more than a decade.

And even as Kirby, Marvel's most important artist, left the fold, a new genre was about to be unleashed at Marvel . . . For the past several years, readers had bombarded Marvel with requests to launch a "sword-and-sorcery" comic—in response to the considerable latter-1960s success of a series of paperback books featuring pulp stories written in

"Comic books to me are fairy tales for grown-ups... They're good stories about characters that are like us but also larger than us."
— Stan Lee

the 1930s by Robert E. Howard about a barbarian warrior called *Conan the Cimmerian*, followed by a slew of paperback imitators. Marvel's *Conan the Barbarian* No. 1 hit the newsstands in the summer of 1970 with script by Roy Thomas (yes, the same person who has written the excerpt you now hold in your fevered hands) and pencils by Barry Smith. After a slow beginning, *Conan* would become one of Marvel's best-selling series of the 1970s and early '80s. . . .

In late 1972, Marvel surpassed DC in sales for the first time ever, becoming the world's No. 1 comic book company. Marvel had been slowly gaining on DC for the past decade, thanks to the innovative work done since 1961 by Lee, Kirby, Ditko, and others. Now, at last, the Marvel approach had paid off in full. With new publisher Stan Lee no longer writing any comics series regularly, it was a rich opportunity for many young writers: Steve Englehart turned in offbeat but gripping story lines in *The Avengers*, and he and artist Sal Buscema made *Captain America* a top title again with a Watergate-inspired serial. Len Wein, assigned by editor Thomas to introduce a feisty, short-statured Canadian called the Wolverine in *Incredible Hulk*, worked with artist Herb Trimpe (and Romita's visual designs); the result would turn out to be the most popular new super hero introduced in the 1970s. Steve Gerber displayed a real talent for crafting Man-Thing stories that centered on oddball secondary characters. The writer's most noteworthy concept, though, turned out to be Howard the Duck, who eventually became not only the star of his own oddball title, but in 1976 a write-in Presidential candidate!

One double-threat talent who emerged during this period was Army vet Jim Starlin, who — first as artist, but soon as writer, as well — beginning in *Iron Man* and *Captain Marvel*, introduced a whole new cast of cosmic characters, both heroes and villains. And Frank Miller, a comics fan from Vermont who, at age 21, began to sell work to Western and DC, and within a year he became a fill-in artist for Marvel. *Daredevil* had fallen into sales doldrums and bimonthly status; its longtime artist, Gene Colan, had left it and would soon move to DC. From his first issue (No. 158, May 1979), Miller brought his own "film noir" style to bear on one of Marvel's most human heroes, quickly making the title one of Marvel's hottest—and darkest.

Big changes were under way at Marvel. . . the '80s had barely begun, and the time was fast approaching when the whole world would sit up and take notice of Marvel Comics.



XL

75 Years of Marvel
Roy Thomas (Ed.)
Hardcover, 712 pp., with accordion-fold timeline
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135

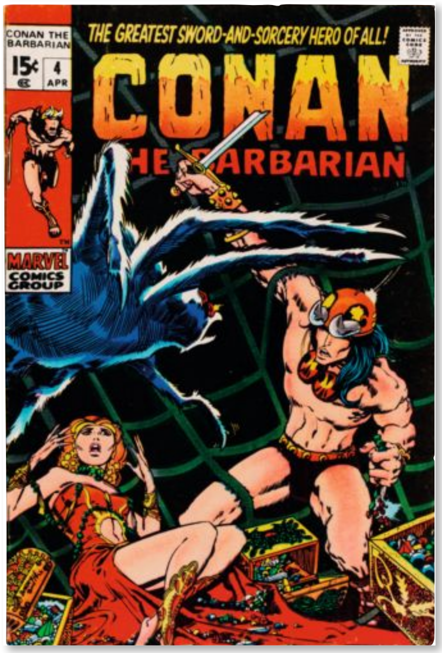


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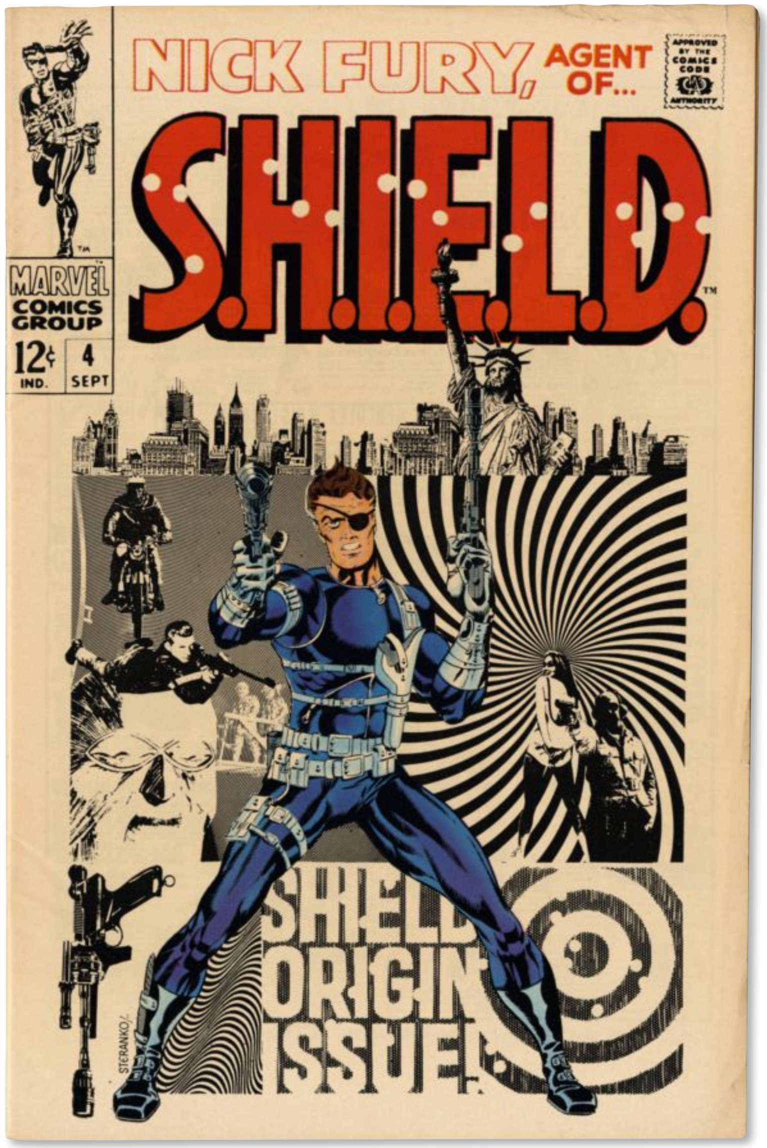
“The two most premier names in publishing teaming up to make a legitimate book about the popular arts of comics? Count me in. No subject has been handled until TASCHEN covers it, literally. I love their books and this Marvel book is spellbinding—or should I say, sensational?”
—Kevin Smith

A Marvel-Ous Evening...
Poster; pencils and inks, George Delmerico; 1972. Carnegie Hall got a makeover as the House of Ideas on January 5, 1972 (“One Night Only!”), with Stan Lee, Spider-Man and friends, the Marvel bullpen, and appearances by director Alain Resnais, author Tom Wolfe, Beach Boy Dennis Wilson, and the Chico Hamilton Players. Delmerico’s Modernist poster was a hit.

Silver Surfer No. 4
Cover; pencils, John Buscema; inks, Sal Buscema; February 1969. “Like Jack Kirby before him, John thought big as an artist, but where Jack’s imagination was without bounds, John always anchored his in a very physical sense of reality. His figurework was superb, his layouts and storytelling were efficient and expansive, and his world-building was as solid as the ground under our feet.” — Gerry Conway

Conan The Barbarian No. 4
Cover; pencils and inks, Barry Smith; April 1971. The layout still showed Kirby’s influence, but by Conan’s fourth issue, Barry Smith had cracked open a treasure chest full of refined artistic touches. His tenure on the character stands as one of comics’ most impressive maturation processes. Smith told Archie Goodwin in a 1981 interview, “Conan… was just pure unadulterated luck for me. Anybody could have got the job… I read the Conan books because I was asked to by Roy [Thomas]. I didn’t know who Conan was before that. The first three issues are simply super heroes masquerading in loincloths.”

Nick Fury, Agent Of S.H.I.E.L.D. No. 4
Cover; pencils and inks, Jim Steranko; September 1968. Eschewing the overused term “psychedelic” to describe Steranko’s fantastic artwork — the artist coined a new phrase for his work: Zap Art. The term fit, as he employed techniques culled from various sources, including photography, collage, movie posters, and advertising to create a contemporary look.



Nick Fury, Agent Of S.H.I.E.L.D. No. 1

Interior, “Who is Scorpio?”; script and pencils, Jim Steranko; inks, Joe Sinnott; June 1968.
As a boy of 15, Jim Steranko saw Jules Dassin’s film *Rififi*, which shows a robbery in complete silence. This scene played out again in Steranko’s hands, as he advances his story, sets the mood and pacing, and increases suspense without using a single word of dialogue, narration, or even sound effects.

At the Controls

Photograph, ca. 1982. Stan Lee plays the 1982 *Spider-Man* video game on the Atari 2600. Spidey celebrates, the Green Goblin despairs, and the boys wait for another turn.



“Rascally Roy and the team at TASCHEN have painstakingly produced a stunning history book ... a volume for and by the truest of ‘True Believers’! ’Nuff said.”

—Stan Lee





Super Heroes aren't born.
They're made.
Audi & MARVEL: long-time partners in their passion for creativity.
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Vorsprung durch Technik





Streisand's signature look helped usher in a new era of fashion with the mass acceptance and celebration of unconventional glamour. This trendsetting style not only aided in branding Streisand's public image but would turn her into one of the defining vanguards of fashion in the late 1960s and early 1970s as well. Photo: Lawrence Schiller

Pitch perfect

From *Funny Girl* to *A Star Is Born*, the meteoric rise of Barbra Streisand



Streisand dons the naughty “modeling outfit” in *The Owl and the Pussycat*.
The color portrait served as the key art for the film’s advertisements, along with the suggestive tag line: “In Doris’ Profession You Have to Know How to Sell Yourself.” Photo: Steve Schapiro.

SIMPLY STREISAND

By Patt Morrison

How many photographs have been taken of Barbra Streisand over the years? Thousands? Tens of thousands? Any one of them can only snatch a moment of her quicksilver life, as a frame of movie film freezes just a fragment of a scene. One picture does capture some enduring qualities of Streisand as she was and was to become. It is not the 1980s Babs with the dandelion corolla of curls. It isn't Barbra of the long, soigné pageboy, the tastemaker and political mover and shaker of the twentyfirst century. Instead, the image by Steve Schapiro shows her half-shadowed face with the delicate kiss-curl of an ingénue, her eyes with a middle-distance gaze of a soothsayer, and her nose, the nose of the Roman emperor Hadrian, who stamped his will on the great world (see p.116). We also see Streisand's metamorphosis in Hollywood thanks to the cameras and eyes of Lawrence Schiller — eye, actually; one was injured in a childhood accident, but Schiller has used his one good eye with more perception and artistry than most people use two. Both Schiller's and Schapiro's photographs have compassed decades of the world's f-stop moments, the sorrowful and the celebrated; and they show a Streisand who is enigmatic, hieratic, exultant, pensive, and, once in a while, still just one happy gal from Brooklyn.

Performers come and go. One generation's hot number is another generation's back number. Time, circumstance, fortune, and force of character have aligned to put Streisand beyond those transitions. Only Sarah Bernhardt may equal Streisand in the magisterial command of her own life and career. Bernhardt, too, was a jolie laide, unconventionally attractive, a Jewish woman who forged her outsider status into the wellspring of her power, and became

***Funny Girl*, scene one, take one:**
"I was excited to get to photograph the clapper for the first take the very first moment when Barbra performed in a movie." —Steve Schapiro





Barbra Streisand with a Pearl Earring,
Los Angeles. With her self-deprecating wit, Streisand often called herself an ugly duckling, but her screen debut in *Funny Girl*—and Steve Schapiro's photographs of her during the making of the film—handily disproved that myth.
Photo: Steve Schapiro

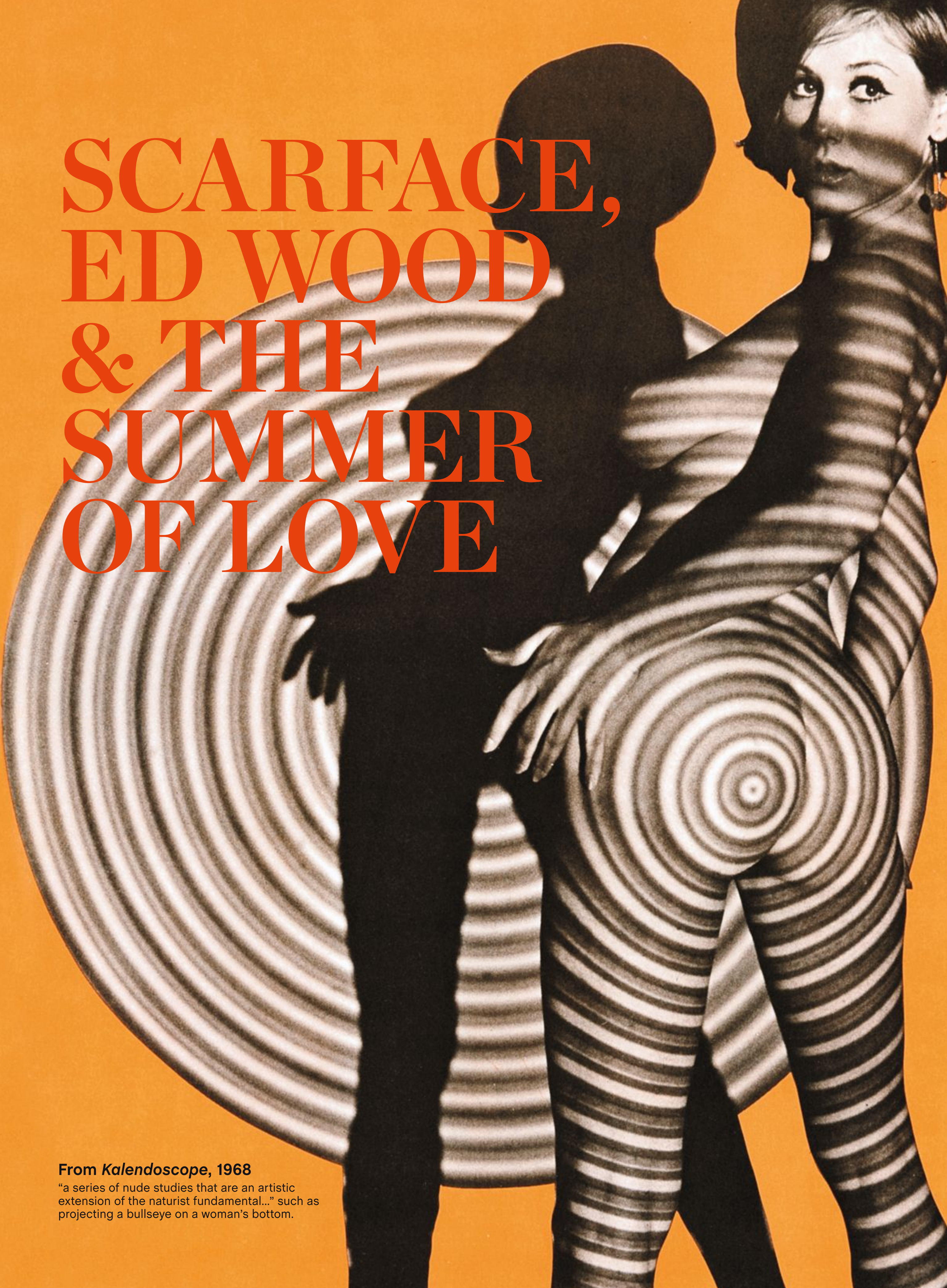
the impresario of her work. A few women in film have tried. Mary Pickford, the world's first movie star, formed United Artists in 1919 with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and D. W. Griffith. (Fifty years later, Streisand would form the production company First Artists, with Sidney Poitier and Paul Newman.) Pickford was Victorian-born, and in her reclusive old age, she scowled from her upstairs window at Pickfair, alert to whether any woman at a charity luncheon on the lawn below dared to show up in a pantsuit. If Pickford had watched the Oscars on TV in 1969, she must have needed smelling salts when Streisand took the stage to accept the Academy Award wearing a witty, daring, sequined Scaasi pantsuit — the first time an Oscar-winning woman ever showed up in trousers. The Peter Pan collar was the only demure thing about it. To Hollywood, Streisand was laying down her marker: I do things my way. Streisand's first album came out in February 1963, the same month that publishers launched Betty Friedan's galvanizing book, *The Feminine Mystique* — two seemingly 1 6 dissonant events that in fact shared a common root. Her arrival on the national stage coincided with the birthing of the modern women's movement, which demanded that men stop judging women by their looks and start judging them by their abilities. Change that nose? Not a chance. Streisand may not have intended to be a green light for other less-than-"10" women to be as confident as their cover-girl sisters, but that's what she did. Barbra Streisand with a nose job would have been the unkindest cut. Her face, just as it was, was her fortune. Anyway, as Streisand has often said, she's too afraid of sharp surgical things even to get her ears pierced. But Hollywood's knives? Bring them on. By being straightforward and forthright about every aspect of filmmaking, rather than dimpled and demurring, Streisand made herself a target for stings and zingers. What did Hollywood's moguls make of her, this Brooklyn diva who set out to make films on her terms? They simply wondered, where had that other funny girl gone, the self-deprecating girl who made screwball comedies and laughed at herself before others could beat her to the punch? Then, as now, male virtues were female shortcomings: a man was hard-driving, a woman bossy; a man was a critical thinker, a woman bitchy. . . . It has been fifty years since Funny Girl opened on Broadway, since, within the space of three weeks, Streisand appeared on the covers of both *Time* and *Life*. In one openingnight newspaper review, the caption under her photo read, "Barbra Streisand impersonates a star." That was the right verb for about as long as it took the ink on the headline to dry. From that moment until this, Barbra Streisand has been one.



In *Clear Day*, Streisand plays
Daisy Gamble, a young student who seeks the help of psychiatrist Dr. Mac Chabot (Yves Montand) who puts her under hypnosis.
Photo: Lawrence Schiller

"[T]hey show a Streisand who is enigmatic, hieratic, exultant, pensive, and, once in a while, still just one happy gal from Brooklyn."

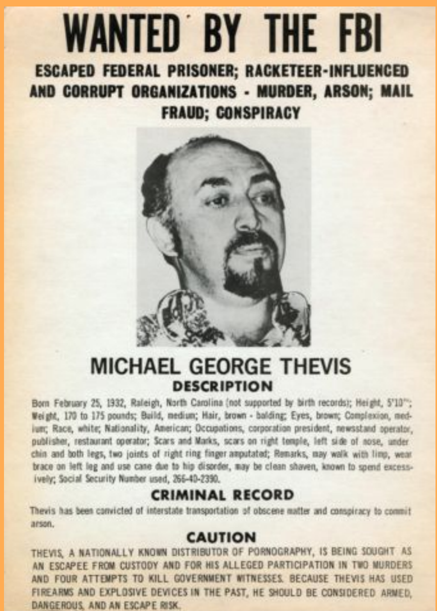
SCARFACE, ED WOOD & THE SUMMER OF LOVE



From *Kalendoscope*, 1968
"a series of nude studies that are an artistic extension of the naturist fundamental..." such as projecting a bullseye on a woman's bottom.

When the world's worst filmmaker went psychedelic

By Dian Hanson



WANTED BY THE FBI

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER; RACKETEER-INFLUENCED AND CORRUPT ORGANIZATIONS - MURDER, ARSON; MAIL FRAUD; CONSPIRACY

MICHAEL GEORGE THEVIS

DESCRIPTION

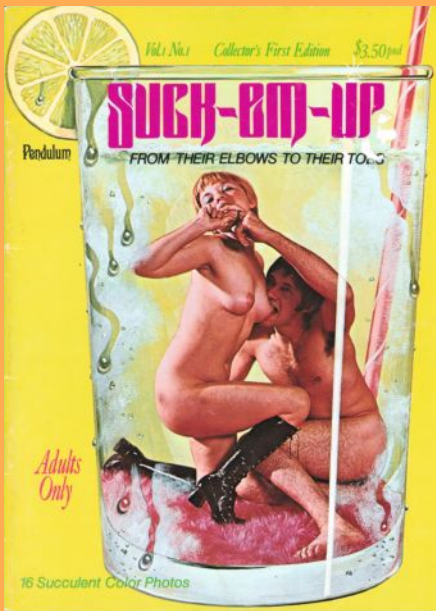
Born February 25, 1932, Raleigh, North Carolina (not supported by birth records); Height, 5'10"; Weight, 170 to 175 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, brown - balding; Eyes, brown; Complexion, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, corporation president, newsstand operator, publisher, restaurant operator; Scars and Marks, scars on right temple, left side of nose, under chin and both legs, two joints of right ring finger amputated; Remarks, may walk with limp, wear brace on left leg and use cane due to hip disorder, may be clean shaven, known to spend excessively; Social Security Number used, 266-40-2390.

CRIMINAL RECORD

Thevis has been convicted of interstate transportation of obscene matter and conspiracy to commit arson.

CAUTION

THEVIS, A NATIONALLY KNOWN DISTRIBUTOR OF PORNOGRAPHY, IS BEING SOUGHT AS AN ESCAPEE FROM CUSTODY AND FOR HIS ALLEGED PARTICIPATION IN TWO MURDERS AND FOUR ATTEMPTS TO KILL GOVERNMENT WITNESSES. BECAUSE THEVIS HAS USED FIREARMS AND EXPLOSIVE DEVICES IN THE PAST, HE SHOULD BE CONSIDERED ARMED, DANGEROUS, AND AN ESCAPE RISK.



Top: The poster released by the FBI when Michael Thevis made the 10 Most Wanted list. His description makes clear how he earned the moniker "Scarface of Porn."
Right: *Suck-Em-Up* magazine, 1971, had a vague theme of oral gratification, bolstered by convoluted rants from Edw. Wood Jr.
Below: A collaged two-page spread from Groovie magazine, 1970.

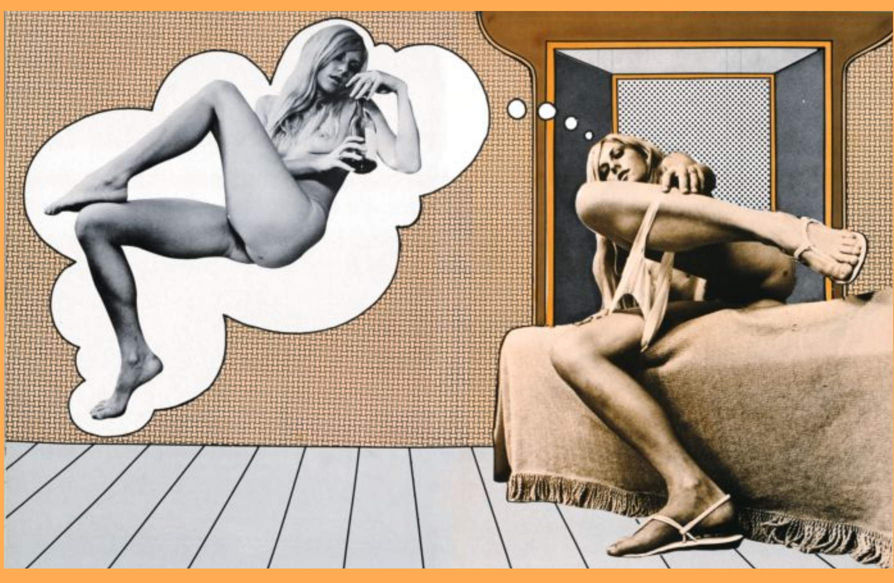
Nothing like a copy of *Balling* or *Way-Out* to pinpoint the straight public's fascination with late '60s hippie culture: It wasn't love beads, long hair, peace signs or tie-dyed t-shirts, but that crazy indiscriminate sex, coupled with mind-altering drugs, resulting (presumably) in an ecstasy inconceivable to ordinary citizens. It made a decent man so mad, yet curious, so fearful, yet envious, and, let's face it, so damn horny.

While most dared not express these complex and conflicting emotions, others dared, and exploited. Michael Thevis, dubbed the Scarface of Porn when he made the F.B.I's 10 Most Wanted List, was publisher of the wildest psychedelic sex magazines ever made. Featuring exuberant nudes set into lurid hand painted layouts, his publications appeared crafted by real hippies. In fact, the henchman our notorious felon chose to feed America's counter culture lust was actually Edw. D. Wood Jr., the angora-loving auteur of *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, *Bride of the Monster* and other films so bad they earned him top spot on the world's worst filmmakers list. Wood's meager movie glory had passed by the time he joined Thevis' Pendulum, Calga and Gallery publishing companies, but his magazine work is just as entertaining. Thevis, for all his faults, wasn't born bad.

He was worn down through the 1950s and early '60s, struggling to raise three children on the slight earnings of a street corner newsstand in Atlanta, Georgia. Around the time he lost the family home he noticed he was making more money from *Playboy* than *Newsweek*. Desperate, he stocked the stand with explicit magazines obtained from local sex shop owner "Kenny the Jap" Hannah; by 1965 he was rich. When he and a new underworld associate, Roger Dean Underhill, invented the peepshow booth in 1967 he became richer still, and in 1970 it was estimated that he distributed 40% of America's pornography through 500 sex shops and adult theaters.

"What irony that the man who made the FBI's 10 Most Wanted would choose peace and love as his publishing genre."

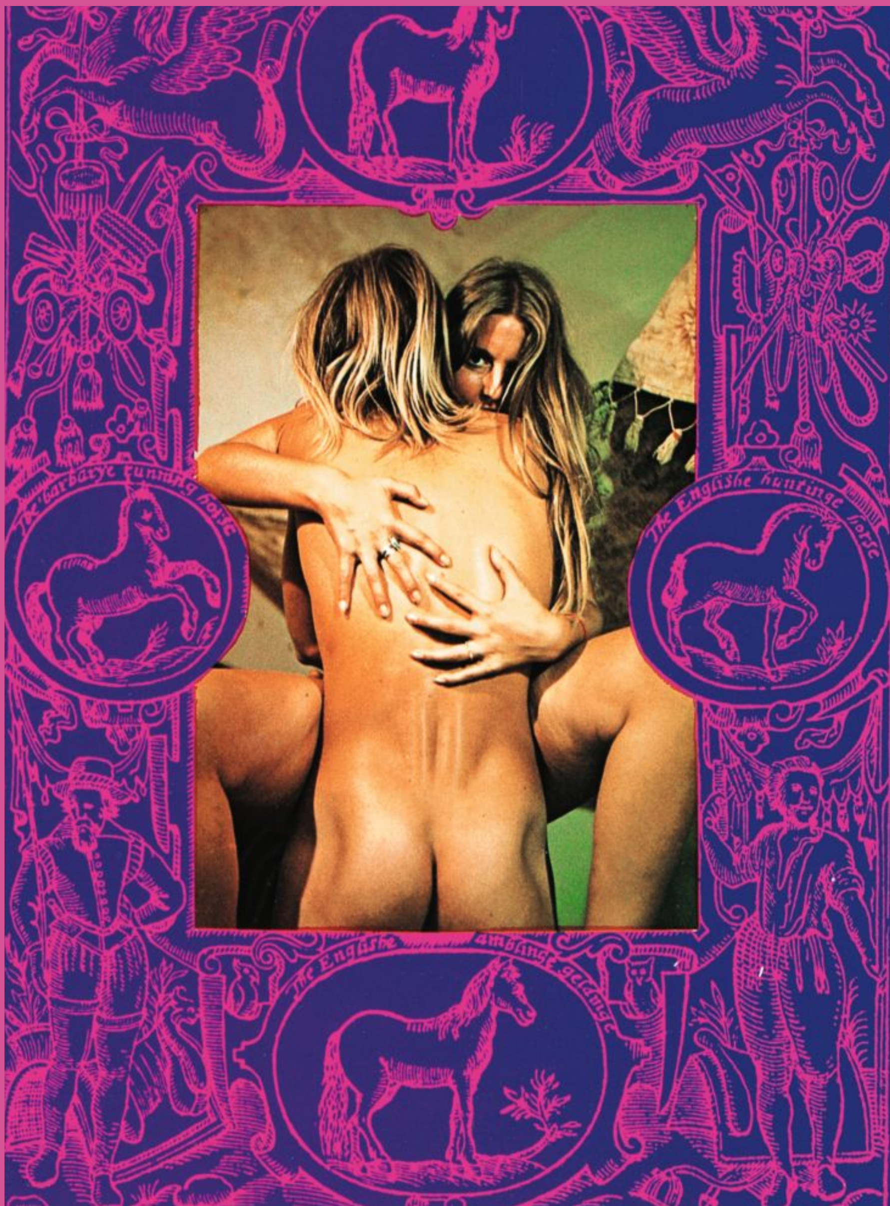
Thevis began publishing his own magazines the same year he launched the peepshow, and what irony that the man who would kill both Kenny Hannah in 1970 and Roger Underhill in 1978, as well as an employee who simply requested a raise in between, would choose peace and love as his publish-



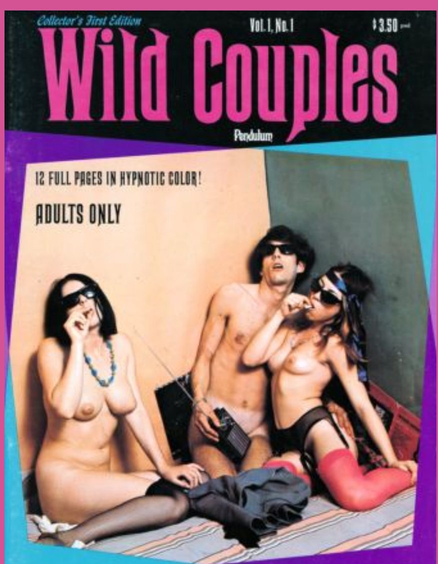
ing genre. Then again, hiring an alcoholic to write drug fantasies for *Balling*, *Belly Button*, *Skin & Bones*, *Wild Couples* and other hippie-themed titles has a certain irony as well. Amazingly, Edw. Wood came with a good resume. Of sorts. His widow said he previously worked at Bernel Associates, publisher of the psychedelic titles *Nude Rebels* and *Cougar*, and followed his boss Bernie Bloom to Thevis. Bloom admired Wood, calling him "A crazy genius. Way ahead of his time," adding that, "Everybody was afraid to do the things that he would do," which is saying a lot when you work for the Scarface of Porn. But maybe he was just referring to Wood's office alcohol intake, tolerated because Bloom claimed that Wood could write better drunk than most could sober. It's still funny to think that the stream of consciousness rambling through these psychedelic titles was fueled by nothing groovier than old fashioned booze.

"Wood could write better drunk than most could sober."

Wood was 44 when he joined Pendulum, a World War II vet who'd famously worn women's lingerie into combat. He was neither hippie nor straight, but his philosophical rants worked alongside the swirling patterns and splay-legged chicks in *Wild Couples.* Most would argue that those chicks were the only reason men bought Thevis' magazines, so why include text at all? The law demanded it. Even before the Miller test was established in 1973, determining that a work,



Right: Back cover of *Gallery*, 1969, from Michael Thevis' Classic publishing company.
Below: The premier issue of *Wild Couples*, 1969, published by Michael Thevis' Pendulum Publishers, with text by Edw. Wood, Jr.



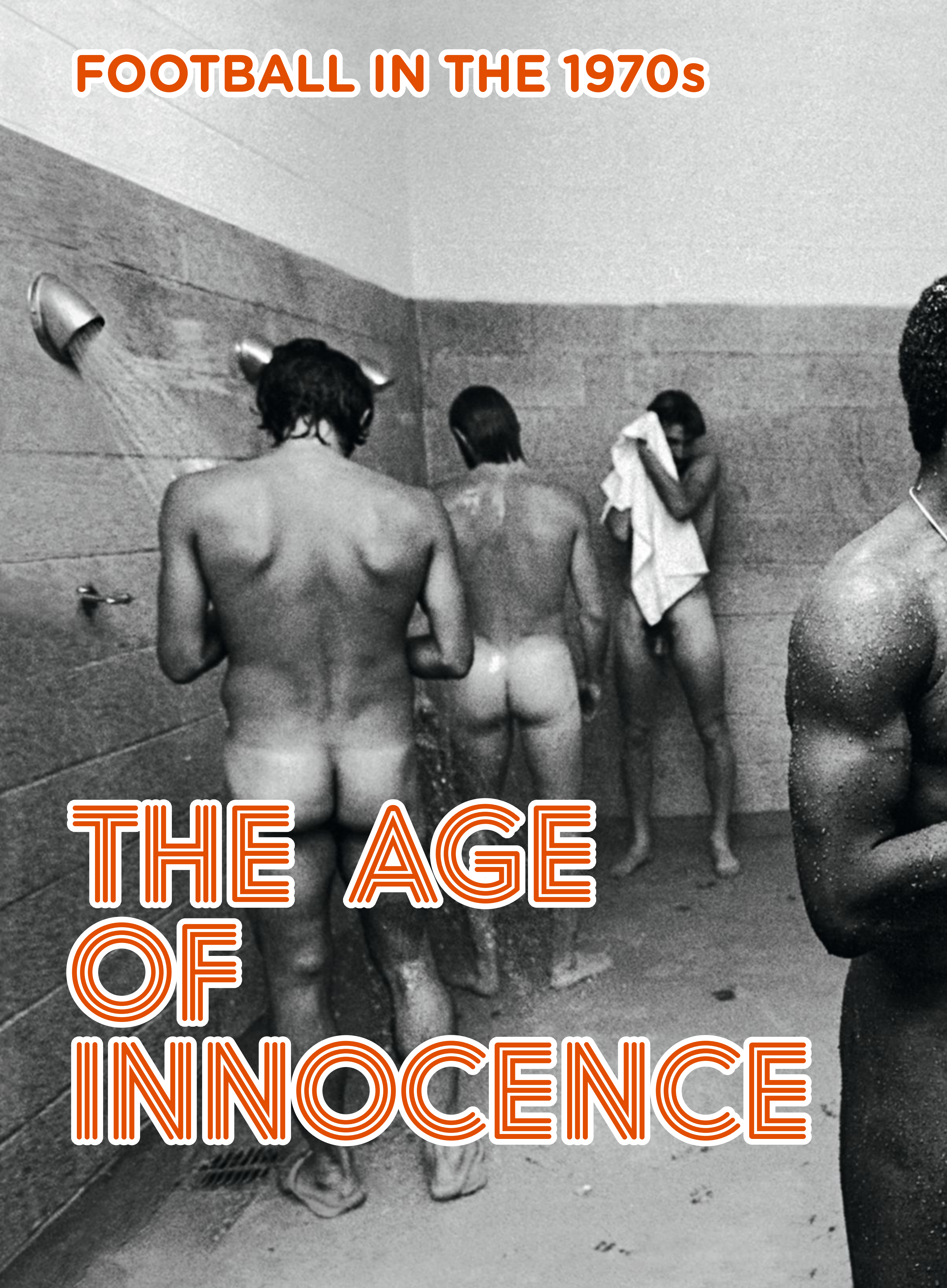
taken as a whole, must lack serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value to be judged obscene, it was known that redeeming social value kept sex magazines safe. Wood's ellipsis-filled film reviews, fiction and editorials redeemed *Balling.* Wood was fired in 1974, as the psychedelic magazines died out, though his fiction ran in Pendulum titles until his death, at age 54, in 1978. That same year Michael Thevis made the 10 Most Wanted List following his escape from the prison where he was serving time for conspiracy to commit arson. Roger Underhill had helped to convict him, and before the feds could catch Thevis he showed up at Underhill's home and killed him with a shotgun, taking out a visiting friend as well. Thevis was quickly arrested and received a 28 years to life sentence. He died November 20th, 2013 at the Minnesota Correctional Facility-Stillwater, aged 81. Edw. D. Wood Jr., meanwhile, was immortalized in the 1994 film *Ed Wood*, became a beloved cultural icon, and now serves as the supreme deity for the Internet religion Church of Ed Wood. His legacy in *Way-Out*, *Wild Couples*, *Nude Rebels*, *Balling,* et al. lives on in the new TASCHEN title *The Psychedelic Sex Book*.



The Psychedelic Sex Book
Dian Hanson
Hardcover with slipcase, 408 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99



A collaged psychedelic photo created in 1967 by Bill Graham, legendary rock promotor, at the time he was putting on psychedelic shows at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco.



FOOTBALL IN THE 1970s

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE



Pelé and Beckenbauer in the showers after a match against Fort Lauderdale Strikers in Florida. The fact that the photographer was granted such access shows how different the 1970s stars were compared to the guarded players of today. Photo: Volker Hinz, 1977



Italy goalkeeper Dino Zoff dives
too late to keep out this spectacular shot by Ernie Brandts. It was the equalizing goal for The Netherlands, who went on to win the game 2–1.
Neil Leifer, 1978

SCORED, BIG TIME!!!

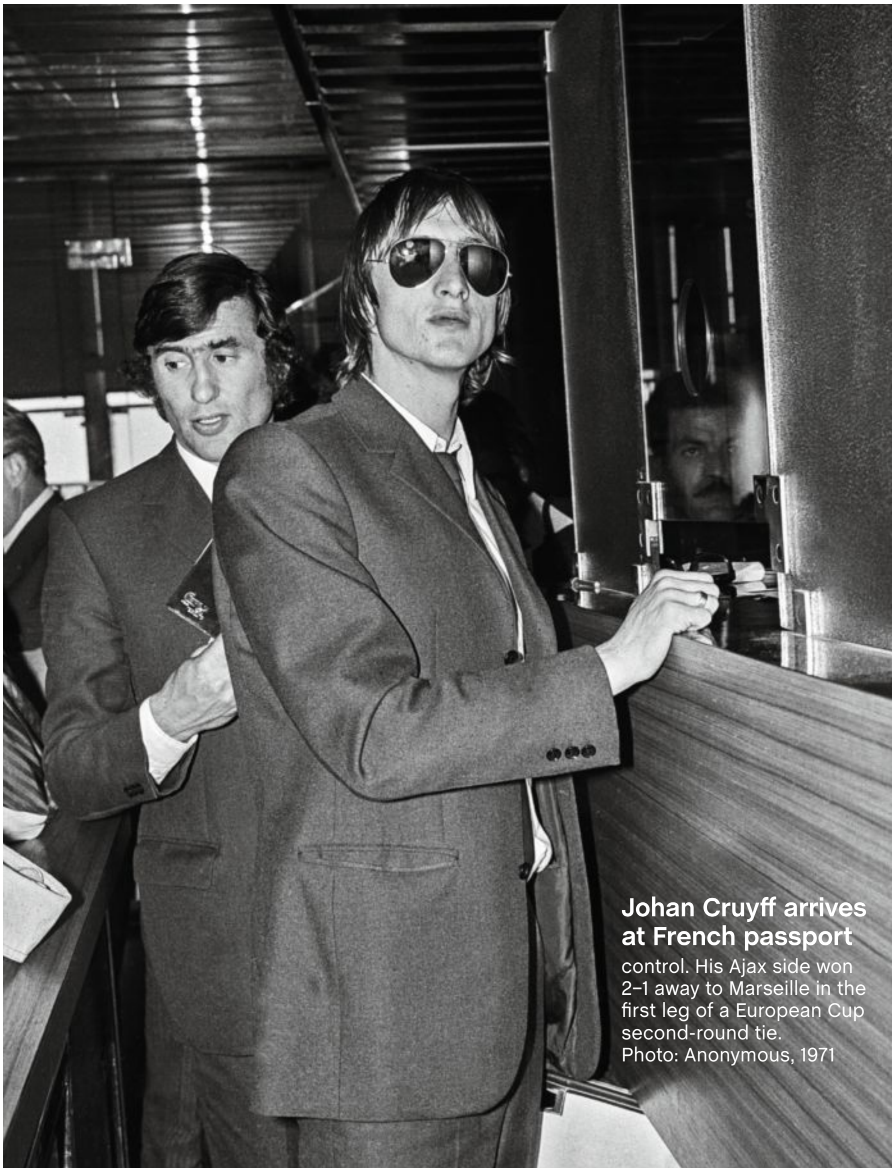


“A tribute to the wild days, with spectacular images from the sport’s true golden age.”

— *Maxim.com*, New York

Stars, cars and sideburns

How football became part of pop culture in the 1970s, but retained a certain purity
By Barney Ronay



Johan Cruyff arrives at French passport control. His Ajax side won 2–1 away to Marseille in the first leg of a European Cup second-round tie.
Photo: Anonymous, 1971

Football was not so much transformed in the 1970s as fundamentally recast, its every surface refashioned in some lighter, softer, more obviously space-age material. If there is a particular magic to this great decade of change, it lies perhaps in a peculiar sense of innocence that was still in place; the impression, however brief, of something transformed but still unspoilt.

The opening shot in this transformation was the 1970 World Cup in Mexico, the first tournament broadcast live in Technicolor across every continent, and an enduring high point of expressive, imaginative football embodied by the great Brazil team of Pelé, Gérson and Jairzinho, even if this was a decade that would be dominated by Europe.

Central to this era of change was a significant growth in magazines and newspapers across Europe and the Americas, a huge spread in television ownership, and a general ramping up of fascination with the broader entertainment industry. If the 1950s gave birth to the teenager and the 1960s to the pop star, then the 1970s was a time of broader celebrity promiscuity as the machinery of fame, hungry for new stars, turned its glance beyond the established powerhouses of music and film and landed, inevitably, on football.

Football was ready, too. Footballers were hip, empowered, and liberated from the old blue-collar structures of owner, manager and trainer. At the start of the 1970s, Europe's super clubs had begun for the first

> “Footballers were hip, empowered by the new fascination with celebrity and a very teenage kind of popstardom, and liberated from the old blue collar structures of owner, manager and trainer.”

time to pay giddily marked up salaries to their star players — a process that would culminate in Pelé's $1.4m a year deal at the New York Cosmos — as movement between the top leagues became more common and a distinct breed of intelligent, charismatic, often agreeably headstrong Dutch and German players began to dominate how football styled itself on and off the pitch.

Even in its tactical patterns there was something intellectually coherent about elite European football as the idea of Total Football took hold, the notion that in the perfect team every player is able to play in every position, to be both a star and a cog in a brilliantly well-grooved machine. Unlike football's traditionally feudal arrangement, run by owners, directors and managers, with players as a kind of human chattel, Total Football was a statement of aspirational player power, a kind of academic footballing collectivism. With, it cannot be emphasized enough, really good hair.

Johan Cruyff was perhaps the first of this new breed of Euro-cool footballers, with



George Best stands outside his fashion shop in Manchester, one of several boutiques in the city. He also started a travel agency and two nightclubs. None of them was a commercial success. Photo: Anonymous, 1970.

> "I spent a lot of money on booze, birds and fast cars. The rest I just squandered."
> — George Best



his Catalonian ranch, his supercharged Saab, his outspoken, unavoidably political, public profile. Born and raised in Amsterdam where he emerged through the Ajax nursery to become the definitive embodiment of Total Football, Cruyff was also famous for his Confucian turns of phrase, and an irresistibly provocative charisma. His move to Barcelona in 1973 for $2m (paid to Ajax) and an annual salary of $600,000 made him into a superstar.
West Germany's captain Franz Beckenbauer was an equally formidable presence. A great and also revolutionary player in the role of ball-carrying central defender, Beckenbauer was born in ruined post-war Munich and went on to become the acme of the big-personality 1970s footballer, that breed of star player who seemed to have been re-cast as a kind of managing director in shorts. The son of a postman who went on to become the most influential man in German football during a 50-year ascent to global prominence that mirrored Germany's economic triumph over the same period.
This was an age of outward transformation too. The look for the alpha male footballer of the 1970s was not so much beatnik with a ball as successful Californian advertising agency executive. The wide-lapelled leather jackets, the non-ironic medallions, luxury cars and high-end walnut interiors: these were the trappings of the new superstar player, empowered by a transformative collision of burgeoning mass media and a

Top: The wives of four England players are present to cheer on the team as they face Brazil. They are Kathy Peters (wife of Martin), Judith Hurst (Geoff), Tina Moore (Bobby) and Frances Bonetti (Peter).
Photo: Roger Parker, 1970.
Opposite bottom: Supporters during the World Cup in Germany. Photo: Neil Leifer, 1974.



The David and Victoria Beckham of their day:
Bobby Moore and his wife Tina, who is wearing the jersey normally sported by her husband. Photo: Terry O'Neill, 1972.

sport in the process of opening itself out into the mainstream. Sponsorship became widespread for the first time, a process that really kicked into gear with Pele's infamous deal to delay the start of the 1970 World Cup final by pausing to tie his Puma boots. Franz Beckenbauer and England's Kevin Keegan advertised Brut cologne and briefly Keegan became the most visible footballer in the world after his move to Hamburg in 1977, where he was awarded football's first ever "face contract".
Günter Netzer lived out a more controlled notion of high-end football glamour. A beautifully talented, beautifully blond,

> "The look for the alpha male footballer of the 1970s was not so much beatnik with a ball as successful Californian advertising agency executive."

beautifully freewheeling creative midfielder, who, when he wasn't playing for Borussia Mönchengladbach and Real Madrid, owned a bar called Lovers' Lane, collected Ferraris – and almost died behind the wheel of one – and projected at all times a sense of delicate, soulful, Germanic pop cool.
The overlap with fashion would find its ultimate expression in the North American Soccer League. The NASL was a razzmatazz-laden football start-up whose franchisees included Team Hawaii, Chicago Sting, San Diego Jaws and of course the brilliant, lamented, unrepeatable New York Cosmos. For a two year period during which the Cosmos played in front of 80,000 in the Giants stadium, major celebrities frequented the home dressing room and Pelé and Beckenbauer both wore the Cosmos jersey, they were briefly the most glamorous football team on the planet.
It couldn't last. Pelé retired in 1977 and the NASL folded seven years later, by which stage the 1970s had already elided into a more urgently predatory world. Football has changed beyond recognition in the years since. It stands before us now as an impossibly starry global entertainment property, a fully-realized sporting world that can seem at times only distantly related to the mud-bound, strangely delicate stylings of the 1970s – its last real decade of innocence.

Barney Ronay is senior sports writer for *The Guardian*.

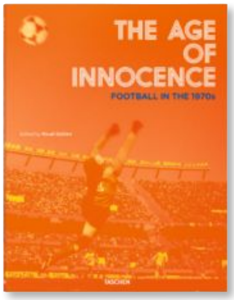


Günter Netzer in West Germany training kit prepares for the friendly match away to Greece in November 1970. He scored the opening goal in a 3–1 win.
Photo: Anonymous



Soccer book of the year!

Deutsche Akademie für Fußballkultur



The Age of Innocence. Football in the 1970s
Reuel Golden (Ed.)
Hardcover, 300 pp.
$ 59.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99



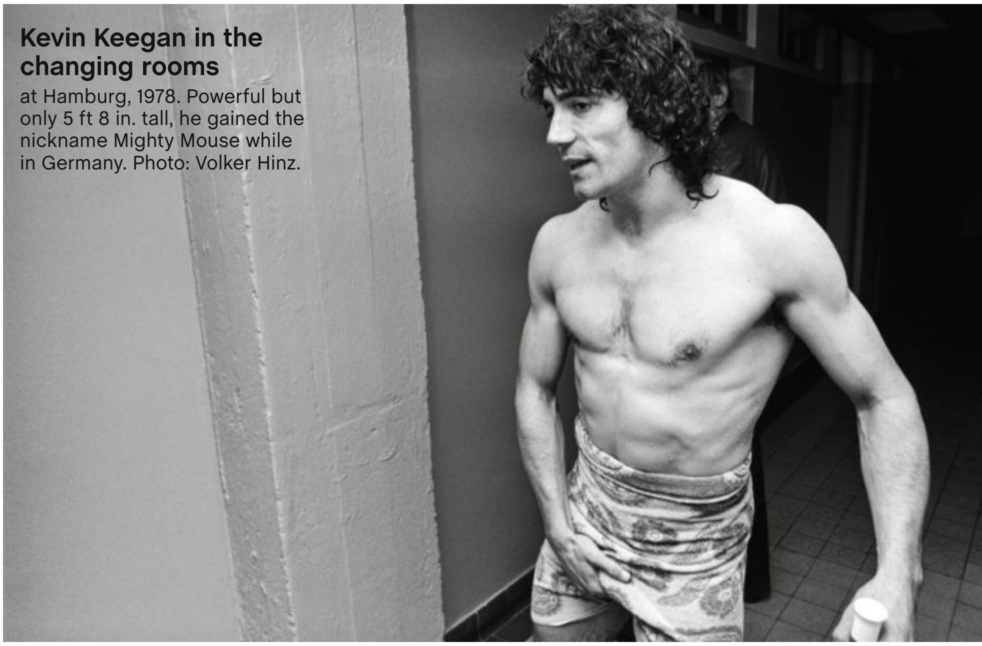
Pelé shows off his Mercedes,
which carries a number plate marking his feat of scoring 1,000 goals, most of them for Santos. Photo: Anonymous, 1970.

Behind the lens, in the locker room

An interview by Reuel Golden with photographer Volker Hinz

You were given incredible access to photograph Franz Beckenbauer both in Germany and the USA. How did that relationship start and develop?
Two nice guys met. I was assigned to a story for *Stern* magazine to follow up Franz Beckenbauer's tranfer from the soccer club Bayern München in Germany to Cosmos in New York. In the 1970s it was much easier to approach stars. *Stern* magazine was the leading illustrated weekly and was a force behind getting access. From that time on, I photographed him many more times and it was, and still is, always very smooth and easy to be around him.

What was he like as a subject?
Franz Beckenbauer is a gentle and pleasant human being to this day. When he meets me, he still greets me with: "Hi Volker, how are you? Nice to see you again".



Kevin Keegan in the changing rooms at Hamburg, 1978. Powerful but only 5 ft 8 in. tall, he gained the nickname Mighty Mouse while in Germany. Photo: Volker Hinz.

Do you need a special approach for shooting soccer stars?
My main interest in photography are people, I am not a sports specialist but a human interest photographer. I like to observe and read my subject and try to get their personality into my pictures as close as possible.

Later when Franz Beckenbauer played in the US, you photographed the whole New York Cosmos scene, and of course Péle. Was this an exciting time? What was Péle like?
Péle and Beckenbauer are two charismatic guys and so it was a pleasure to observe them. I was lucky that I had the chance to be close to them in every movement. I always try to be "invisible."

And what about the differences in photographing sports stars in the 1970s compared to those of today?
The stars back then were much more relaxed. Today there are too many management and PR personnel. The players become products, with the human touch.



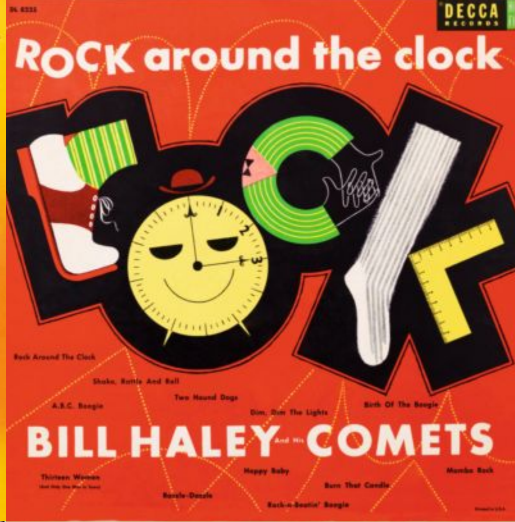
Post for Bayern Munich players piles up at the club's Säbener Strasse training ground during the 1976–1977 season. It has been the club's base since 1949. Photo: Volker Hinz.

Which of course leads us to your most famous soccer picture: Péle and Beckenbauer in the shower. Tell us the story behind this incredible photograph.
Just be there! Be quiet, aim, shoot, disappear. No talking. There are only three negatives of this scene and one of them is the perfect picture. Péle has a beautiful body and Beckenbauer a cute butt. Both behaved natural, because there was no photographer around!?

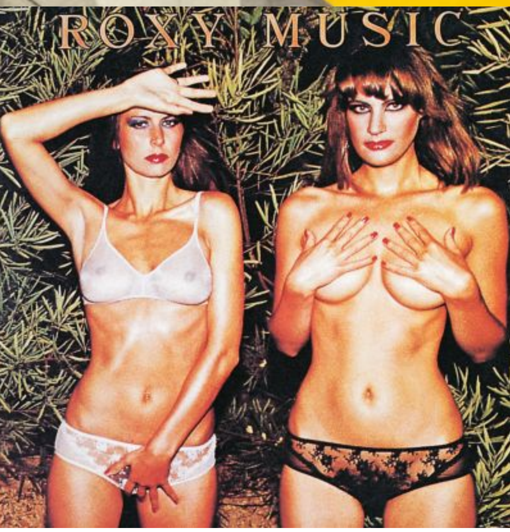
How did the the stars react when they saw the photograph?
It became a double spread in *Stern* Magazine and there was no complaining.

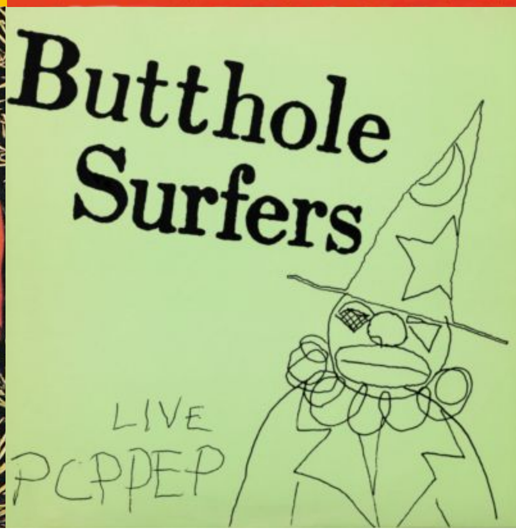
Finally this book is as much about the 1970s as soccer. What do the 1970s represent for you?
In general people were much more relaxed, stars were not controlled by PR people, no social media, no Facebook, no twitter, no blogs. Stars opened their houses more easily. National team collegue Paul Breitner for instance, I even photographed him and his children having fun in the bathtub.











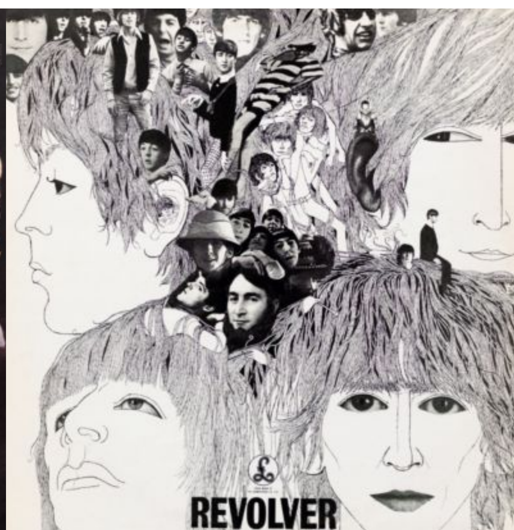


ROCK ON!

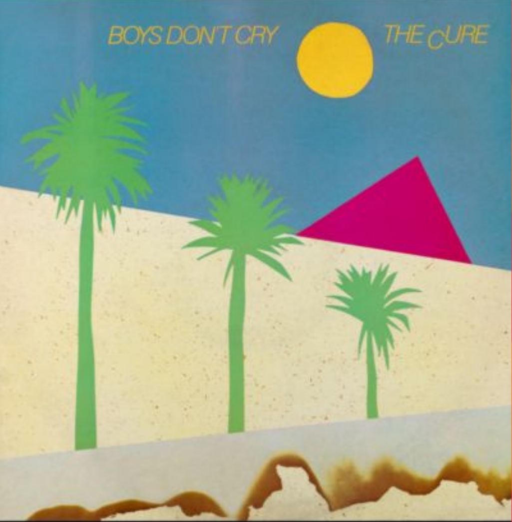
When you think of your favorite albums, you picture the covers. *Rock Covers* pays tribute to this art form with more than 750 album covers that have gone down in history as pop culture landmarks.



























Rock Covers
Robbie Busch, Jonathan Kirby, Julius Wiedemann
Hardcover, 2 vols., 552 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN



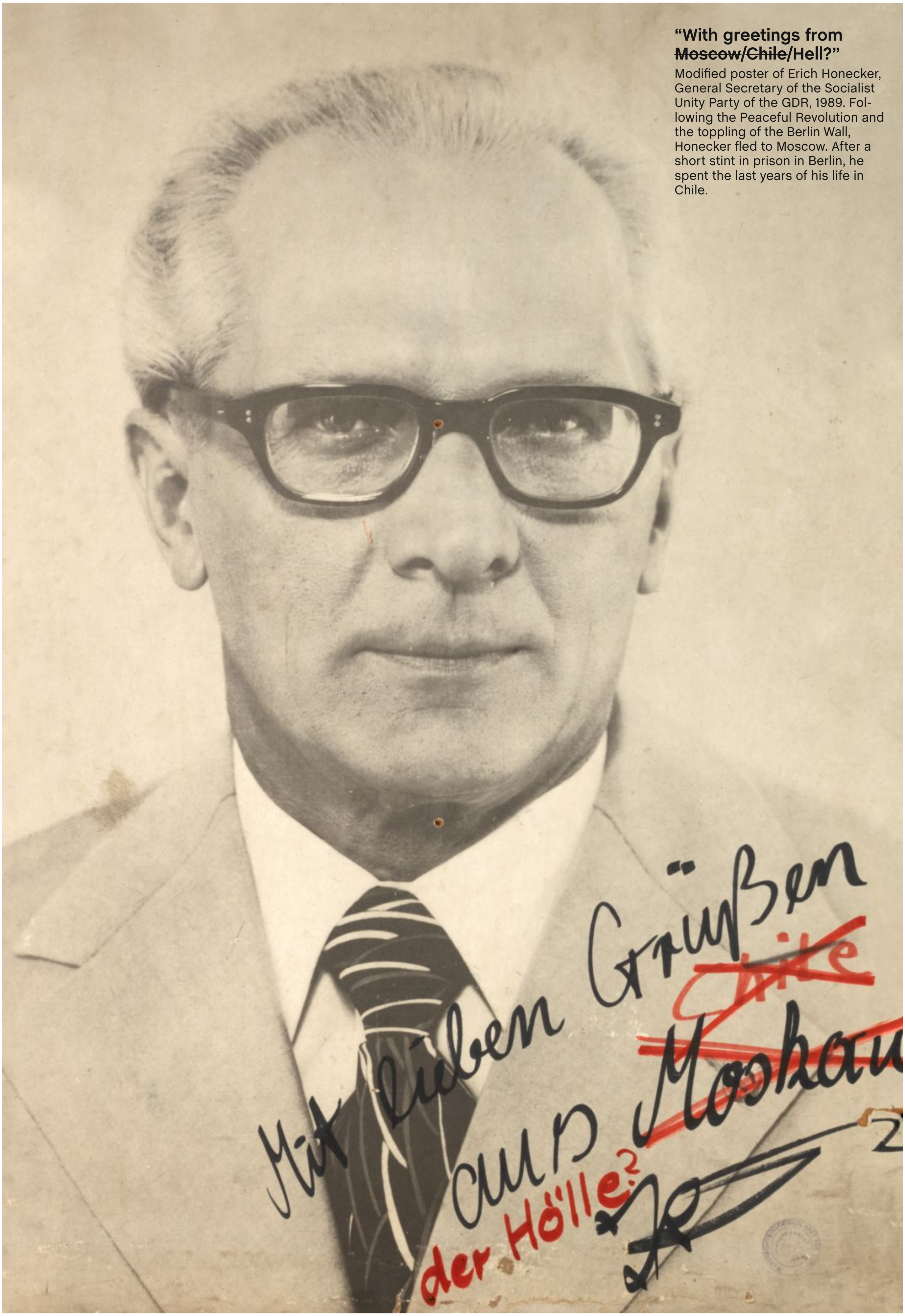
For 40 years, the Cold War dominated the world stage. East and West Germany stood at the front lines of the global confrontation, symbolized by the infamous Berlin Wall, which separated lovers, friends, families, co-workers, and compatriots.

Named for the period leading up to and following the destruction of the wall, the Wende Museum in Los Angeles curates and presents more than 2500 artifacts, design pieces, and everyday objects from it's East German collection. The museum was established in 2002 to study the visual and material culture of the former Eastern Bloc, and to foster multiple perspectives on this multilayered history that continues to shape our world.



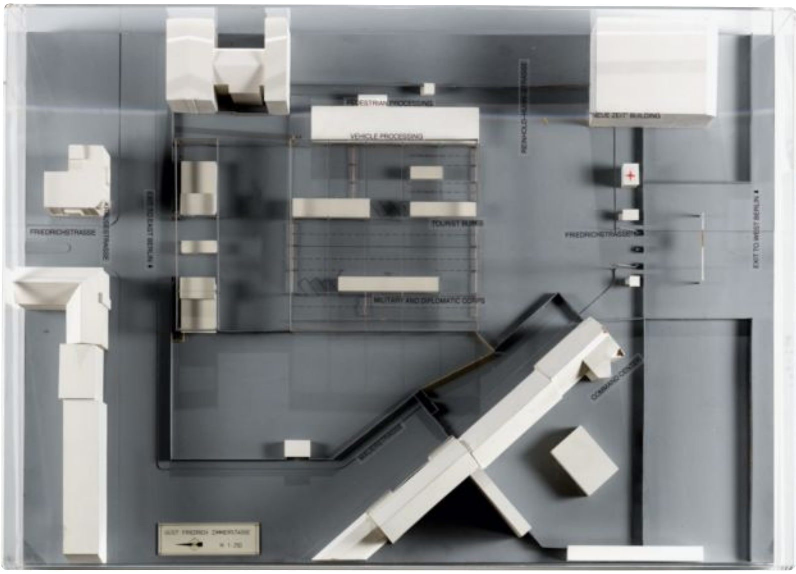
Diplomatic gift, 1969
in commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the GDR.
The German Democratic Republic (East Germany) invested considerable energy in its international relations. At first only recognized by the Eastern Bloc states, the People's Republic of China, and Korea, the GDR launched an initiative in the 1950s to establish diplomatic relations with countries in other parts of the world, especially in Africa, the Middle East, and East Asia. East German leader Erich Honecker visited 38 countries and received 50 foreign delegations between 1971 and 1989. Elaborate state gifts were often exchanged at these official visits.

Commemorative plate "Liberation Day," 1970
Wallendorfer porcelain.
Following World War II, porcelain manufactories like Meissen operated for the benefit of Soviet reparations and later regrouped as a VEB (Volkseigener Betrieb, or People's Own Factory, i.e., state-owned company). In addition to traditionally delicate tea sets, table settings, vases, and figurines, the ceramics manufacturers produced commemorative plates under GDR government contract.



"With greetings from ~~Moscow/Chile~~/Hell?"

Modified poster of Erich Honecker, General Secretary of the Socialist Unity Party of the GDR, 1989. Following the Peaceful Revolution and the toppling of the Berlin Wall, Honecker fled to Moscow. After a short stint in prison in Berlin, he spent the last years of his life in Chile.



Architectural model Friedrichstrasse/ Zimmerstrasse border crossing, 1980s

Stasi-Hauptabteilung VI, Berlin.
The intersection of Friedrichstrasse and Zimmerstrasse, not far from Potsdamer Platz, served as the high-security crossing point for foreigners, diplomatic officials, members of the occupying Western military (American, British, French), and some authorized business travelers. Across the street, on the median strip in West Berlin, stood the Allied presence in the form of the white guard shack or information booth known as "Checkpoint Charlie." The East German border installation was far larger, occupying a six-block, bombed-out area on which the GDR erected watchtowers and barriers.

The Wall along the sector border at Berlin-Neukölln, 1961

In the early morning hours of August 13, 1961, construction crews from the GDR, backed by members of the Workers' Militia (Kampfgruppen), began to lay the foundations for what would become the Berlin Wall. More than 100 miles of barbed wire and concrete blocks, interspersed with guard posts and searchlights, sealed off capitalist West Berlin from socialist East Germany.

"Those who entered East Berlin opposite Checkpoint Charlie often had to line up in the rain waiting for passport checks and one-day visas. In 1985, the eastern half of the crossing was roofed over and reconfigured to suggest an international port of entry, as shown in this intricate architect's model, also used for logistical training by the border guards."

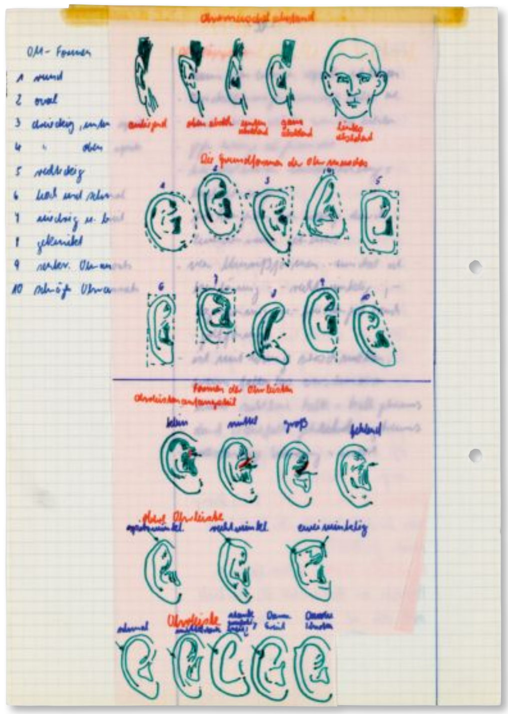


“Mirabeau’s well-known quip about Hohenzollern Prussia—‘Other states possess an army, Prussia is an army that possesses a state’—seems to have found its East German correlative: a secret police in possession of a state.”



Booklet “People’s Physical Characteristics,” 1970

Stasi-Hauptabteilung VI.
Without the benefit of digital systems, members of the passport-control unit were intensively trained in facial recognition by studying those individual characteristics not easily subject to change, e. g. ears, dimples, nostrils, and eyelids.



Facial recognition documents, border guard training materials, 1970

Stasi-Hauptabteilung VI.
The Stasi lorded over a world in which mail was routinely opened, houses bugged, citizens harangued, and dissidents imprisoned for ‘hostile negative’ attitudes and nonconformist activities. By the end, the Stasi had amassed some 180 kilometers of files, one million pictures, and 200,000 tapes to monitor its citizens. The ears and eyes of the state were apparently everywhere.



Stasi communications hub, 1960s

Produced in the USSR.
The Stasi had access to an array of tools to spy at home and abroad, ranging from listening devices and recording equipment to communications gear and electrical generators. The now clunky-looking machinery was once cutting-edge technology.

“To ensure that the Stasi (secret police) had access to examples of the latest technology, East German agents collected equipment from Western powers as well as Soviet allies to study, use, and, in some cases, reverse engineer.”





"The economic history of the GDR can also be told through the succession of economic plans launched after 1949. In the manner of the Soviet Union, the East German planners asserted their authority by setting quotas, both as a means of building morale and as a measure of accomplishment."



Poster "The reconstruction is moving so quickly that no lies can succeed," 1954

A range of posters and political advertisements were distributed to promote the GDR's first 5-year economic plan, which was a response to the Marshall Plan.

Poster "2nd meeting of the Young Pioneers," 1955

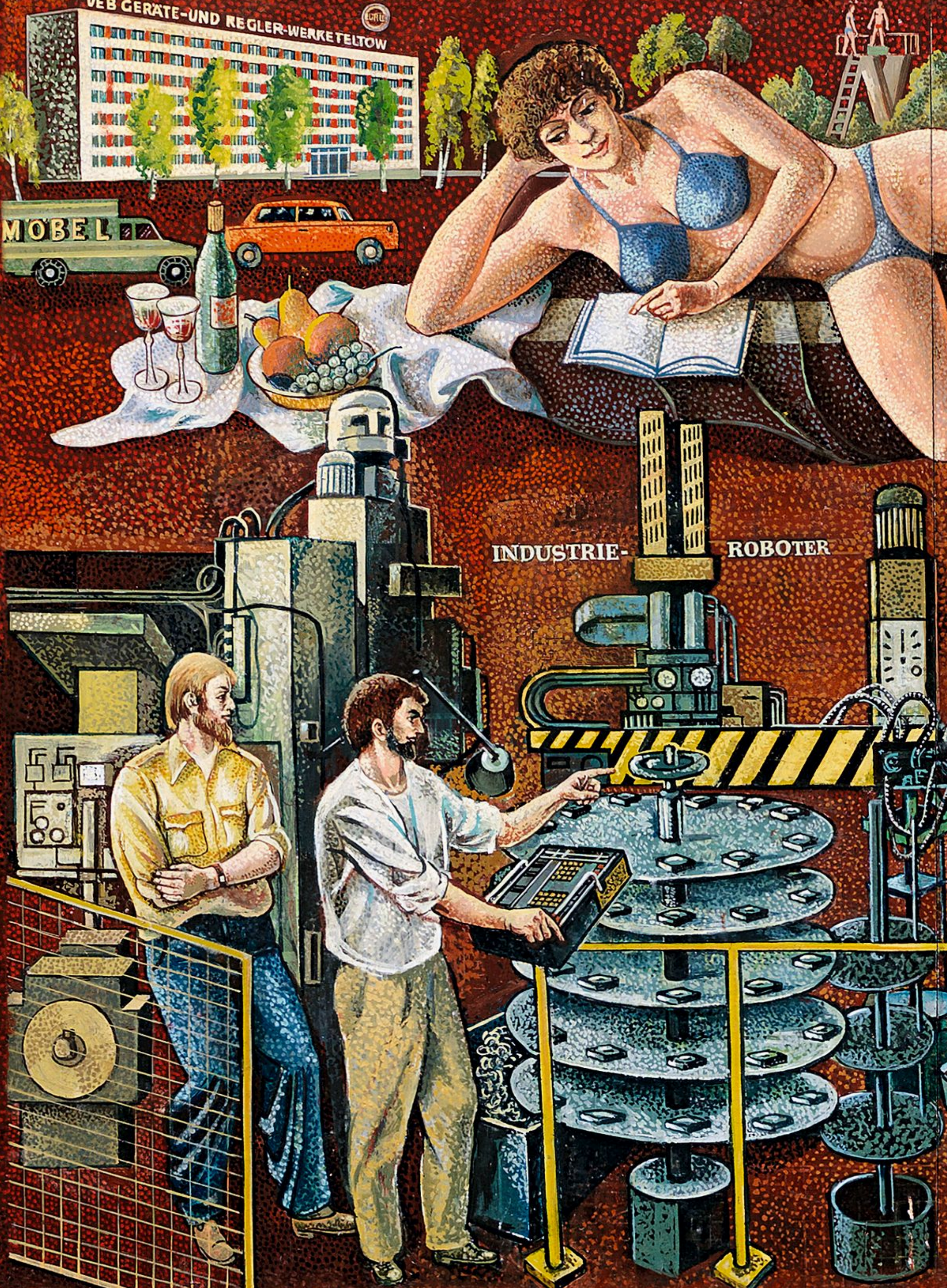
Few parents wished to stigmatize their children by not allowing them to don blue neckerchiefs and join the Junge Pioniere (Young Pioneers), a scout-like organization, when they were old enough to enter school. Membership stood at more than 90 percent of the juvenile population, who took the oath of service to the state and initiated a seamless progression into the Thälmann Pioneers at age 10, and on into the Freie Deutsche Jugend (Free German Youth) in high school.

Mascot for the Leipzig Trade Fair, 1964

World War II interrupted one of Germany's most venerable traditions: the Leipziger Messe (Leipzig Trade Fair), dating back to the year 1165. One of Europe's oldest trade fairs was revived in 1946, now part of the Soviet Occupation Zone. After the formation of the German Democratic Republic in 1949, it became clear that the Leipzig Fair would become a showcase for the industrial production of the Eastern Bloc nations. Usually paranoid about foreign visitors, the East German government showed a different face during the fair weeks in spring and fall.



Workers at a metallurgical plant
in front of a public chart tracking personal progress towards the archievement of official quotas. Oderbruch, Brandenburg, 1990.
Photo: Harald Hauswald


VEB GERÄTE-UND REGLER-WERKE TELTOW
MÖBEL
INDUSTRIE-
ROBOTER



From the History of our Enterprise—a Chapter of German-Soviet Friendship, 1981–1982
Collective work by the “Painting and Graphic Art Circle”, led by Karl-Erich Koch, VEB Geräte- und Regler Werke “Wilhelm Pieck”, Teltow



"East Germans traveled frequently within the boundaries of their country and could stay at a number of state-sponsored health and leisure retreats and homes. Travel outside the GDR, but within the Eastern Bloc, was available to those whose conduct showed them to be reliable citizens or those who joined group tours to other socialist countries."





Family scrapbook, 1966

The smallest unit in the GDR was seldom the individual in the Western sense but rather the 'Kollektiv', the family, the team, the tenants' committee, or, at the workplace, the 'Brigade'. Private and state-sponsored photo albums and scrapbooks provide an unexpected look at how both collective and individual memories developed over four decades in East Germany.

Postcard, Hotel Pomorie, Bulgaria, 1984

Swimming pool on the deck of the "MS Völkerfreundschaft,"

the East German luxury cruise ship reserved for party members and the privileged few, 1983



Menu design, milk bar “Penguin,” Leipzig, 1960s

Essentially synonymous with the similar *Eiscafé*, the *Milchbar* enjoyed a great vogue in both parts of Germany in the early postwar years. It appealed to underage couples on dates and families with children. Some were stand-alone enterprises, while others were embedded in the alternative offerings of large hotels, train stations, and shopping centers.

⊕ Film stills, The Hoffman Collection, 1958–69

This private home movie collection consists of 31 8 mm films capturing birthdays, holidays, vacations, and other family events.



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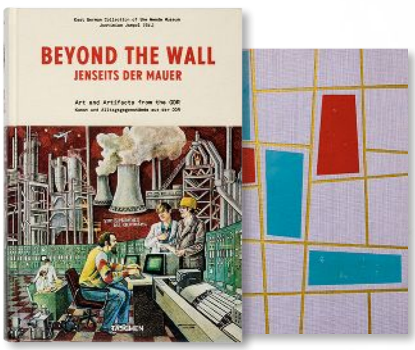
THE VISUAL HISTORY OF THE GDR



Uniforms of the National People's Army of the GDR, 1956–1986

Never before has a book included such a full range of art, archives, and artifacts from socialist East Germany: official symbols and dissident expressions, the spectacular and the routine, the mass-produced and the handmade, the funny and the tragic.





**Beyond the Wall.
Art and Artifacts from the GDR
Justinian Jampol
Hardcover, 904 pp., with 56-page facsimile of a GDR family scrapbook
$ 150 / € 99.99 / £ 99.99**

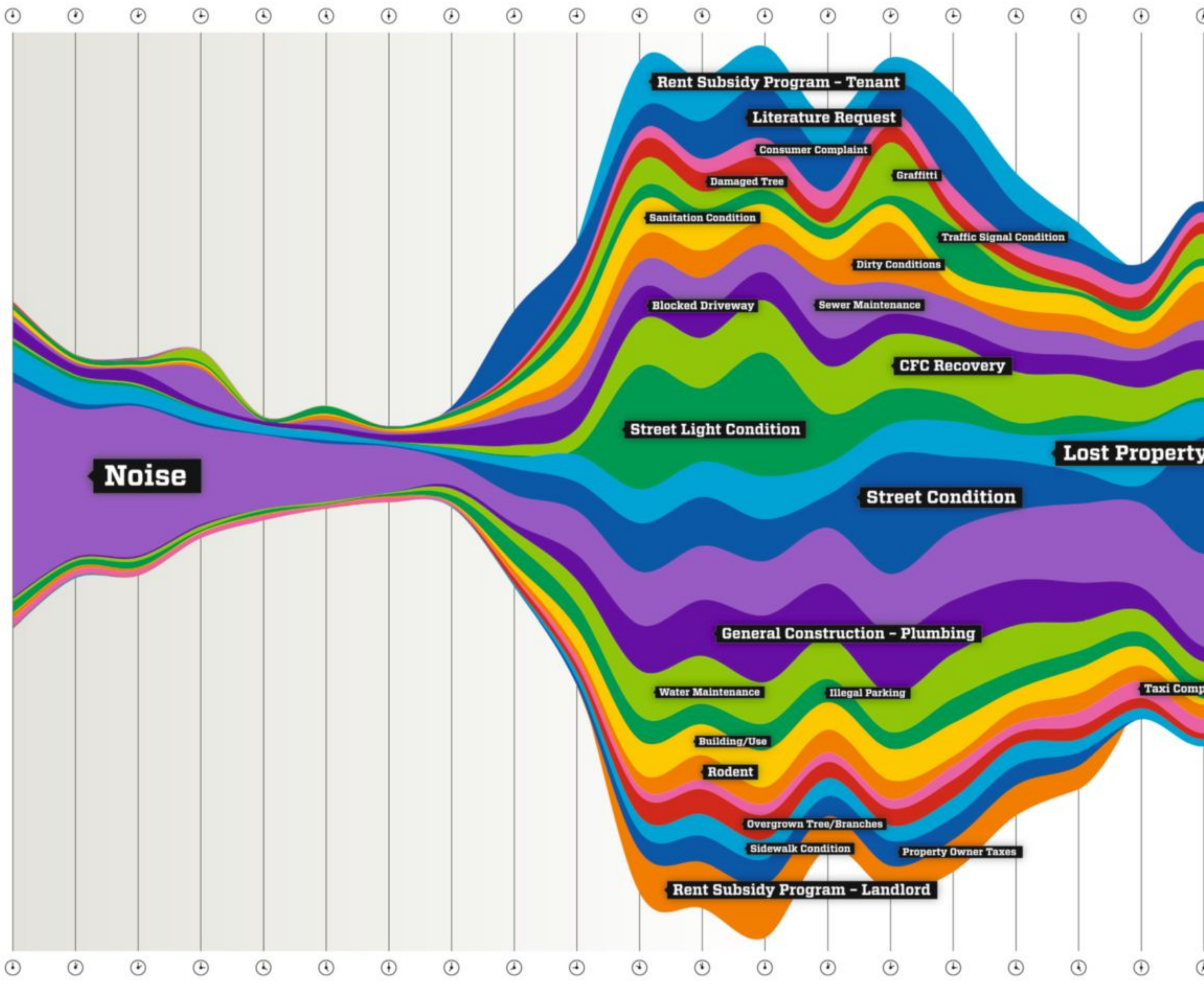


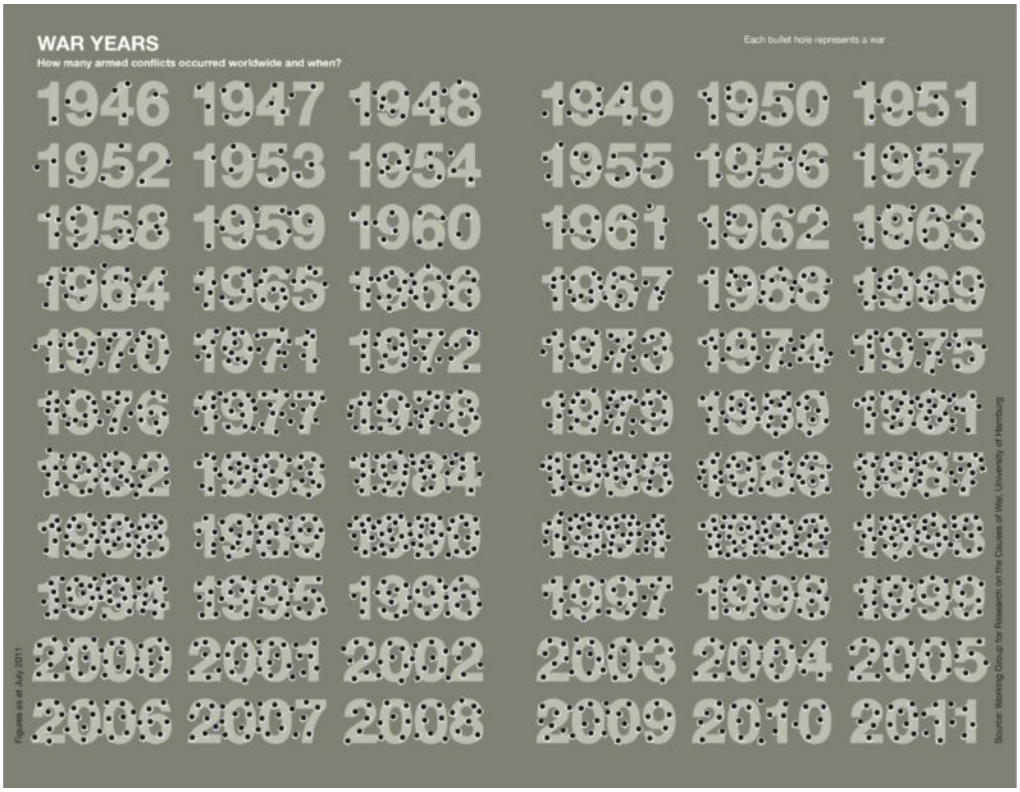
William Cobbing, Bamiyan Mirror Series 215, Afghanistan, 2009 (detail)

Planet on the page

A visual atlas of our remarkable, fragile world

Ever since the earliest cave paintings, humans have looked at the world and endeavored to record and understand it. With the recent advances in data design, infographics wizards are able to capture all the complexities of environment, technology, economics, society, and culture in ever-neater form, providing a fascinating digest of where and how we live.





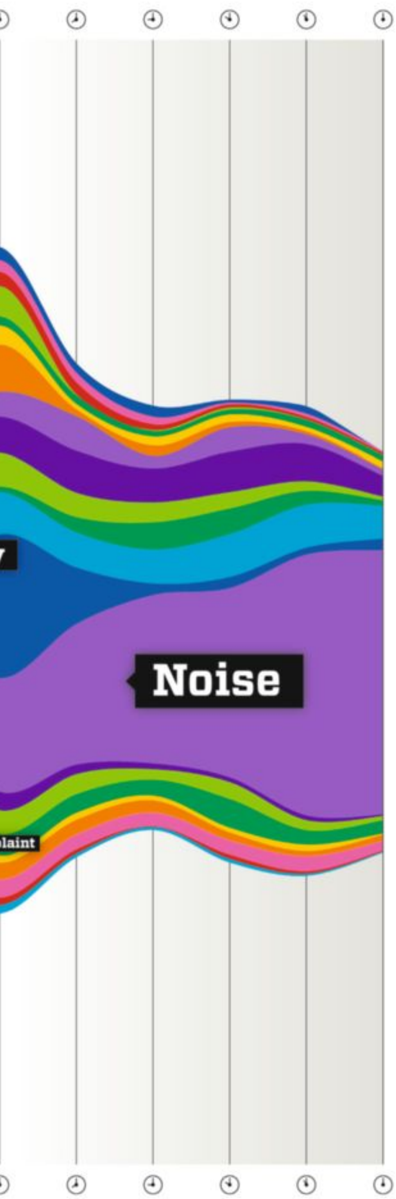
War years

Based on data from the Working Group for Research on the Causes of War in Hamburg, this graph shows the number of wars reported worldwide since 1945. War is defined as a large-scale armed conflict with continuous fighting involving at least two military forces whose operations show a certain degree of tactical organization. Since 1945, the number of wars has increased steadily, reaching a peak in the early 1990s.
Design: Ole Häntzschel. Research: Matthias Stolz, Friederike Milbradt, 2011

Overleaf:

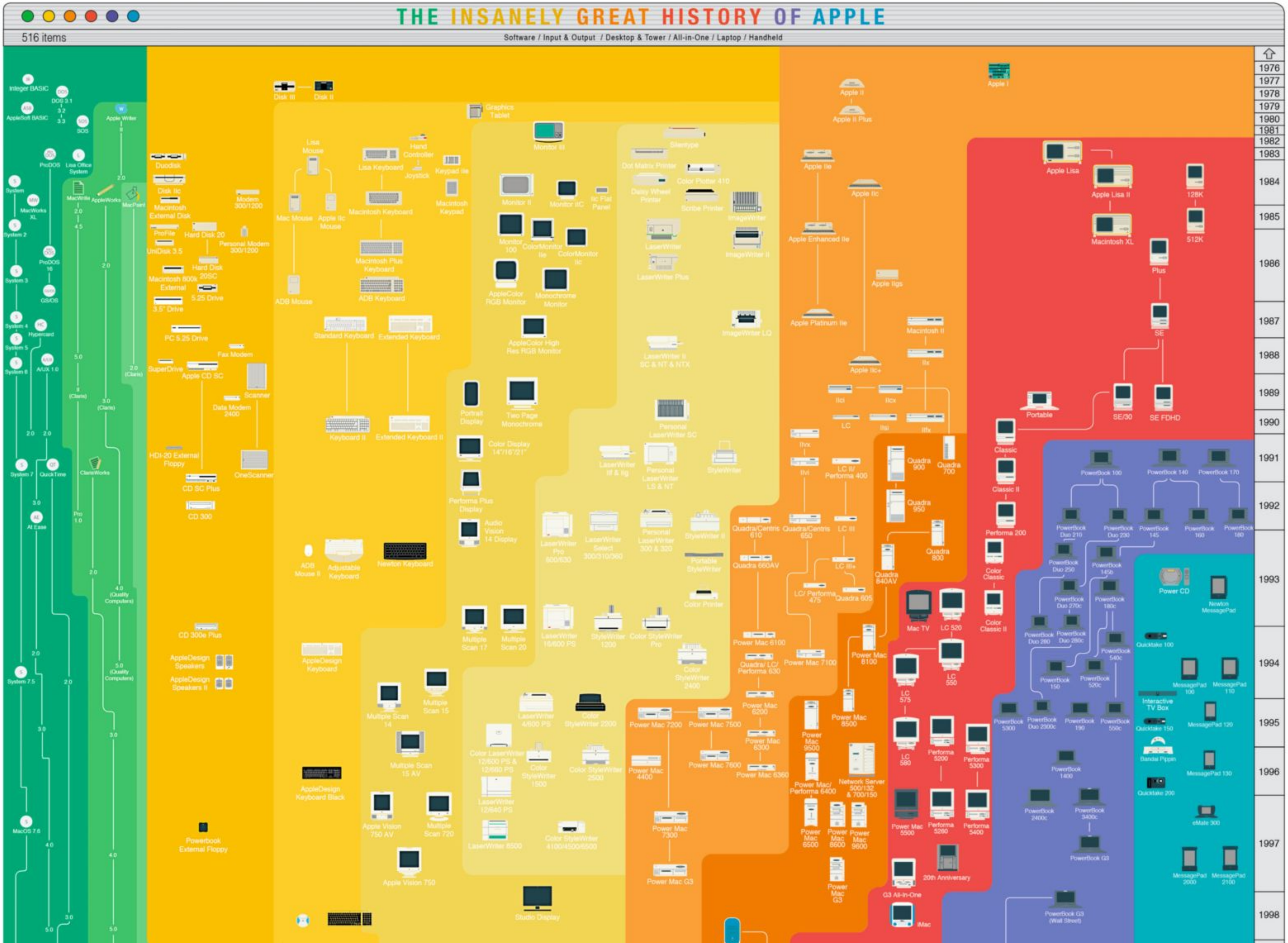
The insanely great history of Apple

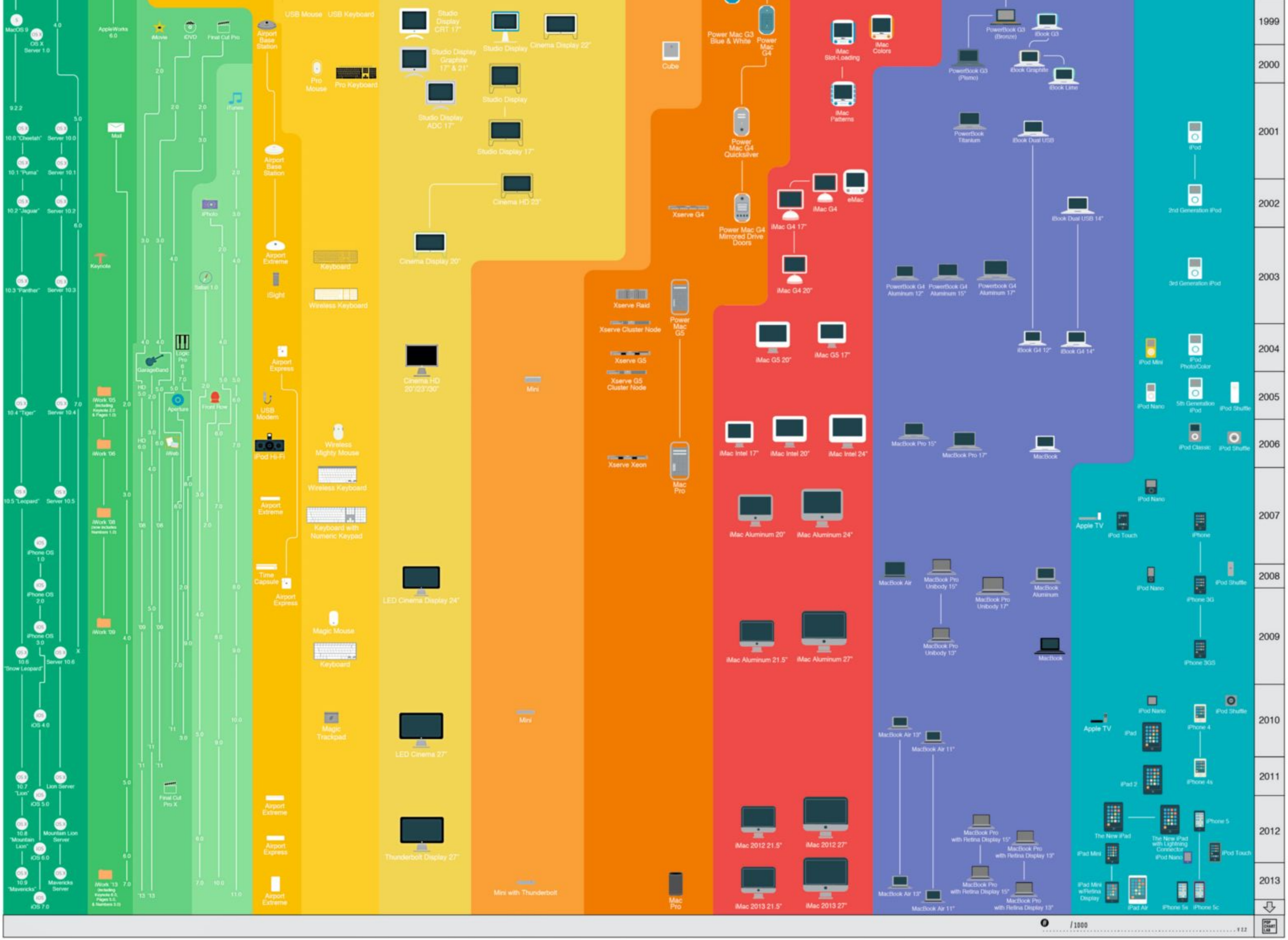
Apple's consumer electronics products have often been groundbreaking, whether in design, new forms of use or target groups. This "History of Apple" shows all products introduced between 1976 and 2012, differentiated by color: green for software, yellow for peripherals, e.g. mice, monitors etc., orange for desktops, red for all-in-one computers, dark blue for laptops and pale blue for mobile devices, e.g. smartphones or tablets.
Design: Pop Chart Lab, 2013



Invisible city

In metropolitan areas, large numbers of people live very close together, presenting city authorities with enormous challenges. New York City has a hotline (311) to deal with non-emergency calls. The visualization covers a week in September 2010 and shows which situations generated the most calls. The main problem was noise, but there were also complaints about street conditions, rodents, the city's rent control program then in force, and disposal of appliances containing ChloroFluoroCarbon (CFC) gas.
Design: Pitch Interactive, *Wired* magazine, 2010


THE INSANELY GREAT HISTORY OF APPLE
516 items
Software / Input & Output / Desktop & Tower / All-in-One / Laptop / Handheld
1976
1977
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Integer BASIC
AppleSoft BASIC
DOS 3.1
3.2
3.3
SOS
Apple Writer
ProDOS
Lisa Office System
System
MacWorks XL
System 2
MacWrite
AppleWorks
MacPaint
ProDOS 16
System 3
GS/OS
System 4
Hypercard
System 5
System 6
A/UX 1.0
System 7
QuickTime
ClarisWorks
At Ease
System 7.5
MacOS 7.6
(Claris)
(Quality Computers)
Duodisk
Disk IIc
Macintosh External Disk
ProFile
Hard Disk 20
UniDisk 3.5
Hard Disk 20SC
Macintosh 800k External
5.25 Drive
3.5" Drive
Modem 300/1200
Personal Modem 300/1200
PC 5.25 Drive
Fax Modem
SuperDrive
Apple CD SC
Data Modem 2400
Scanner
HDI-20 External Floppy
CD SC Plus
OneScanner
CD 300
CD 300e Plus
AppleDesign Speakers
AppleDesign Speakers II
Powerbook External Floppy
Disk III
Disk II
Graphics Tablet
Lisa Mouse
Mac Mouse
Apple IIc Mouse
ADB Mouse
Lisa Keyboard
Hand Controller
Joystick
Keypad IIe
Macintosh Keypad
Macintosh Keyboard
Macintosh Plus Keyboard
ADB Keyboard
Standard Keyboard
Extended Keyboard
Keyboard II
Extended Keyboard II
ADB Mouse II
Adjustable Keyboard
Newton Keyboard
AppleDesign Keyboard
AppleDesign Keyboard Black
Monitor III
Monitor II
Monitor IIC
IIc Flat Panel
Monitor 100
ColorMonitor IIe
ColorMonitor IIc
AppleColor RGB Monitor
Monochrome Monitor
AppleColor High Res RGB Monitor
Portrait Display
Two Page Monochrome
Color Display 14"/16"/21"
Performa Plus Display
Audio Vision 14 Display
Multiple Scan 17
Multiple Scan 20
Multiple Scan 14
Multiple Scan 15
Multiple Scan 15 AV
Apple Vision 750 AV
Multiple Scan 720
Apple Vision 750
Studio Display
Silentype
Dot Matrix Printer
Color Plotter 410
Daisy Wheel Printer
Scribe Printer
ImageWriter
LaserWriter
ImageWriter II
LaserWriter Plus
ImageWriter LQ
LaserWriter II SC & NT & NTX
Personal LaserWriter SC
LaserWriter IIf & IIg
Personal LaserWriter LS & NT
StyleWriter
LaserWriter Pro 600/630
LaserWriter Select 300/310/360
Personal LaserWriter 300 & 320
StyleWriter II
Portable StyleWriter
Color Printer
LaserWriter 16/600 PS
StyleWriter 1200
Color StyleWriter Pro
Color StyleWriter 2400
LaserWriter 4/600 PS
Color StyleWriter 2200
Color LaserWriter 12/600 PS & 12/660 PS
Color StyleWriter 1500
Color StyleWriter 2500
LaserWriter 12/640 PS
LaserWriter 8500
Color StyleWriter 4100/4500/6500
Apple I
Apple II
Apple II Plus
Apple IIe
Apple IIc
Apple Enhanced IIe
Apple IIgs
Apple Platinum IIe
Apple IIc+
Macintosh II
IIx
IIci
IIcx
LC
IIsi
IIfx
IIvx
IIvi
LC II/ Performa 400
Quadra 900
Quadra 700
Quadra 950
Quadra/Centris 610
Quadra/Centris 650
LC III
Quadra 800
Quadra 660AV
LC III+
Quadra 840AV
LC/ Performa 475
Quadra 605
Power Mac 6100
Quadra/ LC/ Performa 630
Power Mac 7100
Power Mac 8100
Power Mac 6200
Power Mac 7200
Power Mac 7500
Power Mac 6300
Power Mac 8500
Power Mac 4400
Power Mac 7600
Power Mac 6360
Power Mac 9500
Power Mac/ Performa 6400
Network Server 500/132 & 700/150
Power Mac 7300
Power Mac 6500
Power Mac 8600
Power Mac 9600
Power Mac G3
Apple Lisa
Apple Lisa II
Macintosh XL
128K
512K
Plus
SE
Portable
SE/30
SE FDHD
Classic
Classic II
Performa 200
Color Classic
Color Classic II
Mac TV
LC 520
LC 550
LC 575
LC 580
Performa 5200
Performa 5300
Power Mac 5500
Performa 5260
Performa 5400
20th Anniversary
G3 All-in-One
iMac
PowerBook 100
PowerBook 140
PowerBook 170
PowerBook Duo 210
PowerBook Duo 230
PowerBook 145
PowerBook 160
PowerBook 180
PowerBook Duo 250
PowerBook 145b
PowerBook Duo 270c
PowerBook 180c
PowerBook Duo 280
PowerBook Duo 280c
PowerBook 540c
PowerBook 150
PowerBook 520c
PowerBook 5300
PowerBook Duo 2300c
PowerBook 190
PowerBook 550c
PowerBook 1400
PowerBook 2400c
PowerBook 3400c
PowerBook G3
PowerBook G3 (Wall Street)
Power CD
Newton MessagePad
Quicktake 100
MessagePad 100
MessagePad 110
Interactive TV Box
Quicktake 150
MessagePad 120
Bandai Pippin
MessagePad 130
Quicktake 200
eMate 300
MessagePad 2000
MessagePad 2100



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2012
2013
MacOS 9
OS X Server 1.0
9.2.2
10.0 "Cheetah"
Server 10.0
10.1 "Puma"
Server 10.1
10.2 "Jaguar"
Server 10.2
10.3 "Panther"
Server 10.3
10.4 "Tiger"
Server 10.4
10.5 "Leopard"
Server 10.5
iPhone OS 1.0
iPhone OS 2.0
iPhone OS 3.0
10.6 "Snow Leopard"
Server 10.6
iOS 4.0
10.7 "Lion"
Lion Server
iOS 5.0
10.8 "Mountain Lion"
Mountain Lion Server
iOS 6.0
10.9 "Mavericks"
Mavericks Server
iOS 7.0
AppleWorks 6.0
Mail
Keynote
iWork '05
iWork '06
iWork '08
iWork '09
iWork '13
iMovie
iDVD
Final Cut Pro
iTunes
iPhoto
Safari 1.0
GarageBand
Logic Pro
Aperture
Front Row
iWeb
Final Cut Pro X
Airport Base Station
Airport Extreme
iSight
Airport Express
USB Modem
iPod Hi-Fi
Time Capsule
USB Mouse
USB Keyboard
Pro Mouse
Pro Keyboard
Keyboard
Wireless Keyboard
Wireless Mighty Mouse
Keyboard with Numeric Keypad
Magic Mouse
Magic Trackpad
Studio Display CRT 17"
Studio Display Graphite 17" & 21"
Studio Display ADC 17"
Studio Display
Cinema Display 22"
Studio Display 17"
Cinema HD 23"
Cinema Display 20"
Cinema HD 20"/23"/30"
LED Cinema Display 24"
LED Cinema 27"
Thunderbolt Display 27"
Cube
Mini
Mini with Thunderbolt
Power Mac G3 Blue & White
Power Mac G4
Power Mac G4 Quicksilver
Power Mac G4 Mirrored Drive Doors
Xserve G4
Xserve Raid
Xserve Cluster Node
Xserve G5
Xserve G5 Cluster Node
Power Mac G5
Xserve Xeon
Mac Pro
iMac Slot-Loading
iMac Colors
iMac Patterns
eMac
iMac G4
iMac G4 17"
iMac G4 20"
iMac G5 20"
iMac G5 17"
iMac Intel 17"
iMac Intel 20"
iMac Intel 24"
iMac Aluminum 20"
iMac Aluminum 24"
iMac Aluminum 21.5"
iMac Aluminum 27"
iMac 2012 21.5"
iMac 2012 27"
iMac 2013 21.5"
iMac 2013 27"
PowerBook G3 (Bronze)
iBook G3
PowerBook G3 (Pismo)
iBook Graphite
iBook Lime
PowerBook Titanium
iBook Dual USB
iBook Dual USB 14"
PowerBook G4 Aluminum 12"
PowerBook G4 Aluminum 15"
PowerBook G4 Aluminum 17"
iBook G4 12"
iBook G4 14"
MacBook Pro 15"
MacBook Pro 17"
MacBook
MacBook Air
MacBook Pro Unibody 15"
MacBook Pro Unibody 17"
MacBook Aluminum
MacBook Pro Unibody 13"
MacBook Air 13"
MacBook Air 11"
MacBook Pro with Retina Display 15"
MacBook Pro with Retina Display 13"
iPod
2nd Generation iPod
3rd Generation iPod
iPod Mini
iPod Photo/Color
iPod Nano
5th Generation iPod
iPod Shuffle
iPod Classic
Apple TV
iPod Touch
iPhone
iPhone 3G
iPhone 3GS
iPad
iPhone 4
iPad 2
iPhone 4s
The New iPad
The New iPad with Lightning Connector
iPhone 5
iPad Mini
iPod Nano
iPod Touch
iPad Mini w/Retina Display
iPad Air
iPhone 5s
iPhone 5c
/1000

Flatford@Fullmoon, UK 2000.





Lunar lens

Darren Almond's nocturnal nature series

In Fullmoon*, the conceptual meets the poetic: British artist Darren Almond catches natural archetypes and silent landscapes in night photographs made under a full moon, with the shutter kept open for over a quarter of an hour. The long exposure time illuminates the landscape almost like daybreak, but the atmosphere is different: a mild glow emanates even from the shadows, star-lines cross the sky, and water blankets the earth like a misty froth. The enhanced moonlight infuses the pictures with a haunted quality, casting the landscapes in an unease, a sense of the sublime, and in a contemplation of time.*



Shan Shui Fullmoon, China 2008.



Fullmoon@Moonbow, Cape Verde 2013.

"Darren Almond's images will leave you wondering what words like landscape and nature can possibly mean in a world where environmental change is so rapid that both are fast disappearing into myth and memory."
—*The Guardian*



Darren Almond. Fullmoon
Hans Werner Holzwarth (Ed.)
Hardcover, 400 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99

"With long exposures, you can never see what you are shooting. But you are giving the landscape longer to express itself."

—Darren Almond



Fullmoon@Rügen V, Germany 2004.

Darren Almond. Fullmoon Art Edition, XXL size

Limited edition of 3 x 60 numbered copies only, each with a print signed by Darren Almond



Fullmoon@Porto Mosquito, Brazil 2011.

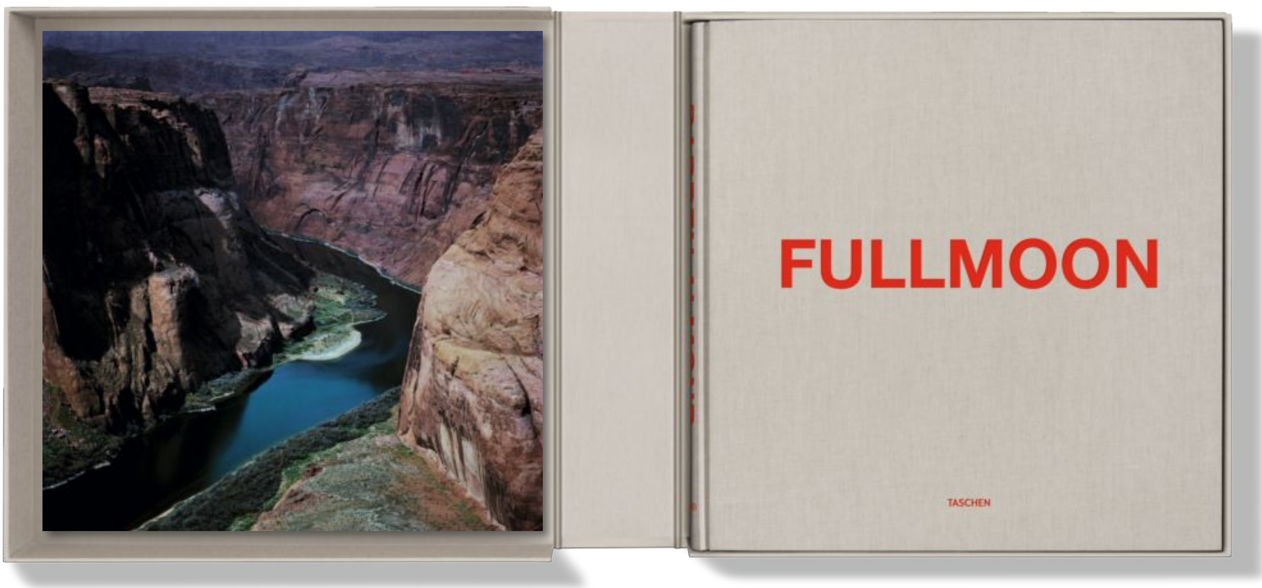
Hardcover, clothbound, in an embossed clamshell box, 48 x 48 cm (18.9 x 18.9 in.), 400 pages, each signed by Darren Almond. **Comes with an original signed C-print; 47 x 47 cm (18.5 x 18.5 in.) paper size.**

Fullmoon@Moonbow (2011), (p. 152) photographed from the Brazilian side of the Iguazu Fall during a full moon.

Fullmoon@Porto Mosquito (2013), photographed amongst the black volcanic rocks on the coast of Cape Verde during a full moon.

Fullmoon@Horseshoe Bend (2012), photographed from the banks of the Colorado River in Arizona during a full moon.

each $ 2,000 / € 1,500 / £ 1,250



XXL

Fullmoon@Horseshoe Bend, Arizona 2012.


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CONTEMPORARY ART AND CULTURE
NO. 167 NOVEMBER • DECEMBER 2014



Life in the woods

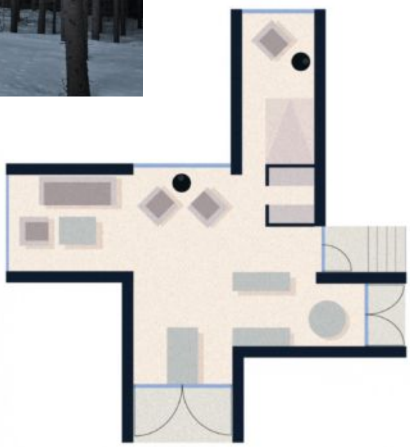
Creative cabin architecture

The Four-cornered Villa is well insulated and heated by a wood stove that only uses wood from the local forest. "The basic idea," state the architects, "is to provide an example of a sustainable cottage in contrast to normal Finnish cottages that are heated all year round with electricity to keep pipes from freezing."



FOUR-CORNERED VILLA
AVANTO ARCHITECTS

The island site of this house in Virrat, Finland, inspired the architects to seek out four different views—three toward the lake and the fourth in the direction of the forest to the west. The orientation allows for "morning light at the breakfast table, midday light in the dining room, and evening light in the sitting room." The house has no running water and electricity is provided by the sun.



ISLAND HOUSE
2BY4-ARCHITECTS

Set on a narrow island in the lake district of Loosdrechtse Plas in the Netherlands, this cabin is intended to "customize the interaction with the surrounding." One glass façade and one of the dark-wood exterior surfaces can be completely opened onto an outdoor wooden terrace on the water. An east-west orientation allows the house to take in both sunrise and sunset.

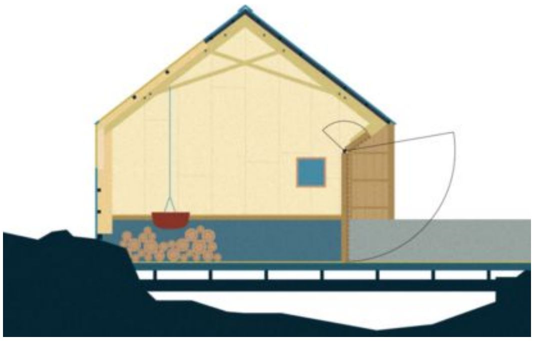




STORKHOUSE
TERENOBU FUJIMORI

Built with oak, charred wood, reed, bricks, and concrete, this guesthouse in Raiding, south of Vienna, can accommodate four people. Storks are meant to nest on its roof in the spring and summer months. Handmade furniture was specially designed for the interior. The Storkhouse is quite typical of the work of Terunobu Fujimori in that it makes reference to Japanese tradition, albeit in a somewhat quirky, modern way.





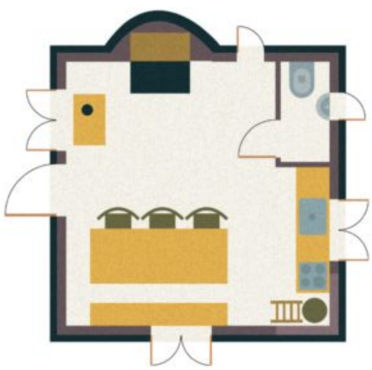
BOATHOUSE
TYIN

Built on the site of an 18th century boathouse which had fallen into disrepair, this building draws on the simplicity and materials of the original structure. It is made out of Norwegian pine, but incorporates elements of the old boathouse to clad interior surfaces. As such, "The building remains true to the historical and cultural heritage of Norway's coastal regions, while catering to new modes of usage." Band windows running down the roof and walls bring natural light into the structure while the façades of the house, lined with back-lit cotton canvas, can open vertically, leaving only the supports of the house to mediate between inside and outside space.

"Is it really necessary to have more and more space in contemporary houses, or might a small space be more in keeping with the world as it is?"

–Philip Jodidio



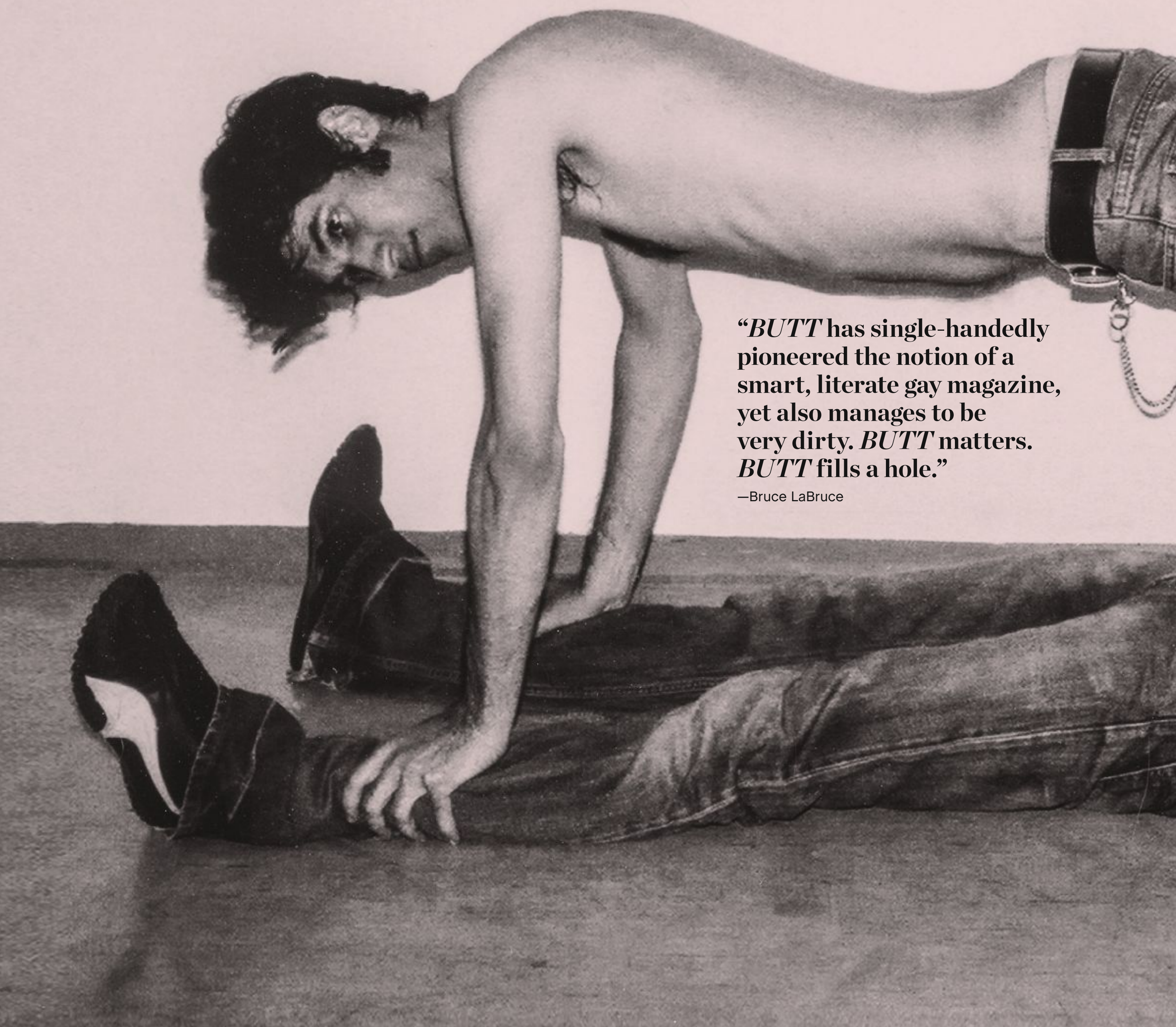




Cabins
Philip Jodidio
Hardcover, 468 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99

PUTTING THE SEX BACK INTO HOMOSEXUALITY

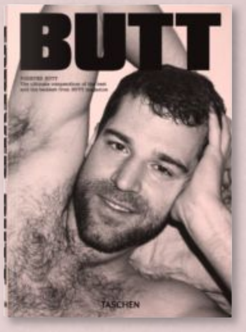
The best of *BUTT* magazine, 2001–now



"*BUTT* has single-handedly pioneered the notion of a smart, literate gay magazine, yet also manages to be very dirty. *BUTT* matters. *BUTT* fills a hole."

—Bruce LaBruce

Sheer enthusiasm and rampant curiosity were always the driving forces behind BUTT *magazine. What started out as a little paper project has grown via 29 printed issues, a website, an annual tear-off calendar and many hysterical get-togethers into a worldwide movement of* BUTT *buddies. It's in a similar style of celebration that this handsome whopper of a book has been assembled. The most intriguing features, fabulous photos and completely shameless interviews from* BUTT*'s beginnings in 2001 until today are presented in* FOREVER BUTT.



Forever Butt
Gert Jonkers, Jop van Bennekom
Hardcover, 536 pp.
$ 39.99 / € 29.99 / £ 24.99

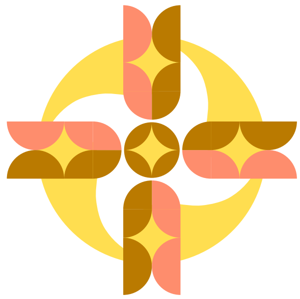


BUDDHISM

*As a solid rock is not shaken by
the wind, a wise person does not falter
amidst blame and praise. As serene
as a still lake, a wise person walks
through whatever befalls him, whether
touched by happiness or sorrow.
Most people run up and down
the shore, but those who follow the
Dhamma will cross the river of
confusion and attain enlightenment.*





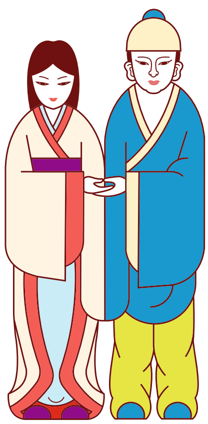


PROTES-TANTISM

*Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray You, Lord,
my soul to keep;
Your love stay with me
through the night
and wake me
with the morning light.
Amen.*

CATHOLICISM

*Dear Saint George,
You fought valiantly against the dragon of pride,
falsehood, and deceit. Neither sword nor death could
part you from the love of Christ. I fervently implore
you for the sake of this love to help me by your
intercession to overcome the temptations that sur-
round me, and to bear bravely the trials that oppress
me, so that I may patiently carry the cross which
is placed upon me, and may win the crown.*



SHINTO

*May Their blessings follow you,
as you travel your daily journey.
May Their blessings follow you also,
in darkness or in shining light.
With Their celestial grace,
may They guide your mind,
ease your burdens, and grant
you eternal protection.*



ISLAM

*I seek refuge in
the Lord of Humankind,
the Sovereign of Humankind,
the God of Humankind,
from every evil whisperer,
who whispers into
the hearts of humankind,
from invisible forces
as well as humankind.*

Say a little prayer

10 religions. 100 cards for the soul and spirit



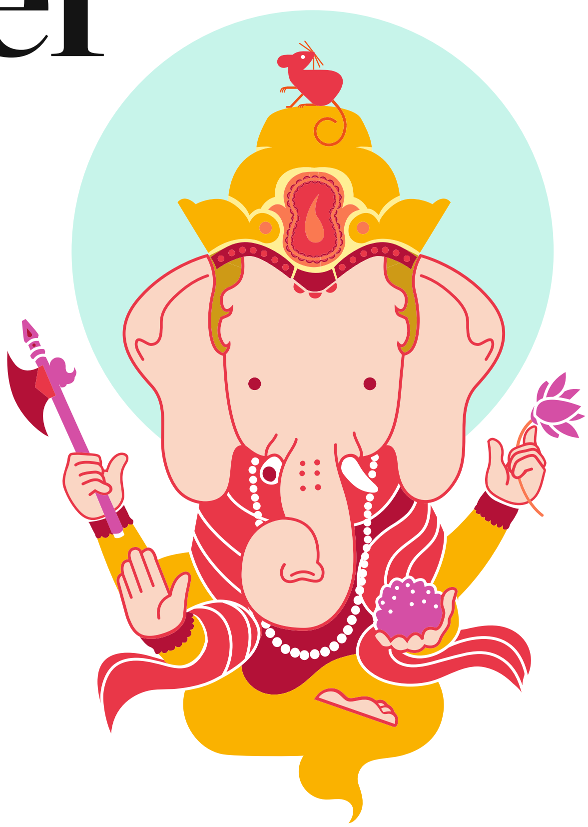
KABBALAH

From every human being there rises a light that reaches straight to Heaven. And when two souls that are destined to be together find each other, their streams of light flow together and a single brighter light goes forth from their united being.



CONFUCIANISM

To make mistakes
and not change oneself
is truly a mistake.





CANDOMBLÉ

Strong Orixá that blossoms exuberantly, oh Lord Obaluayê, make health always intense and present in my home and in my family.

JUDAISM

Grant us peace,
Your most precious gift,
O You eternal source of peace.
May contentment reign within
nations' borders, health
and happiness within their homes.
Strengthen the bonds of friendship
and fellowship between
all the inhabitants of our lands.
Plant virtue in every soul and may
love of Your name hallow
every home and every heart.
Inscribe us in the book of life,
and grant unto us a year
of prosperity and joy.
Blessed be You, O Lord,
Giver of Peace.
Amen.



HINDUISM

Om.
We worship and adore You,
O Three-Eyed One.
You are sweet gladness,
the fragrance of life,
who nourishes us,
restores our health,
and causes us to thrive.
As, in due time, the stem
of the cucumber weakens
and the gourd is freed from
the vine, so free us from
attachment and death, and do
not withhold immortality.



Say a Little Prayer. 10 religions, 100 prayers
Giovanni Bianco
$ 39.99 / € 29.99 / £ 24.99



Library love affair

Belgian collector René Rousseau opens the doors to his vast TASCHEN collection and shares his obsession



Who thought of this? Who publishes this? It was this little book, a present from my father in 1997, that first drew my attention to Benedikt Taschen. It is the book *Jan Saudek*. A breathtaking juxtaposition of sex with the long, slow slide from youth to old age, from bloom to decay. The book made me go red all over the first time I paged through it. Is it shame? Shyness? Excitement? Or simply amazement that someone had the balls to publish this? I have to know more about this man!
It is a decade later, in 2007, when I get wind

Rousseau's TASCHEN collection: 179 collector's and art-editions and over 650 trade editions from the tiniest amuse gueule books to XXL's.

of a publication about Vanessa del Rio, also by TASCHEN. I was acquainted with Vanessa back in my teenage years. In an obscure theatre in Amsterdam, this Latina porn star served up my first adult film. She made an unforgettable impression. To have her back in town! Back in mind!
This calls for a phone call to TASCHEN headquarters in Cologne. I speak to the direct sales manager, who convinces me to buy my first Collector's Edition. A few days later, Vanessa is delivered to my door, wrapped in brown paper and cardboard, urging me to unwrap her. My hands are shaking like I'm 16 again as I strip Vanessa of her packaging, layer by layer. The binding is leopard-skin print, and with the piercing, cherry-red lipstick kiss of the introduction, she leads me on, winking. From that moment on, I'm a moth to the TASCHEN flame.
I call Cologne again to ask whether they have anything else in the catalogue as bold, enthralling, and artistic as this. It is a long conversation: about the editions, about the artists and their art, about extreme formats, about collectors, working methods, and techniques.
My collector's appetite is awakening. TASCHEN send me a number of 'teasers,' the amuse-bouches of the book world. And they work. Because the teasers are works of art in their own right. I begin to feel like nothing from TASCHEN can be considered transitory; from here on I begin saving every wrapper, every paper, every envelope, every cardboard box. It's as though Benedikt is making the books especially for me. TASCHEN has become my obsession.
A little later, when I'm holding *An Encyclopedia* by Danish-Icelandic sculptor and conceptual artist Olafur Eliasson in my hands, I know there's no going back. That volume, with its rippling raindrops captured on the cover, is still a favourite in my collection.
From there, it escalates quickly. One art edition after another is delivered to my door.
Among my absolute favourites is the TASCHEN book of the work of ARTIST Walton Ford. The collector's print shows hummingbirds caught among 'limed blossoms', which would soon prove to be a particularly fitting image for my growing TASCHEN collection.
Along walls, under beds, on tables, under tables, wherever there's any space to be found, TASCHEN books had accumulated. A silent revolt begins to grow among my wife and our nine children.
It becomes clear to me that the collection must be united, it has to be visibly put together, but that every book also merits its own attention, and so needs its own habitat. I look out of the window at the 19th-century coach house in the park, where I long raised exotic birds, and it comes to me: this will be my TASCHEN museum. The Hall of Fame! After a sustainable renovation befitting of such books, my TASCHEN library comes to live in the aviary. With the Walton Ford print of hummingbirds, everything comes full circle.
Spectacular display cases, creations of hand-forged steel and hardened glass present a few of my favourites in the collection. An extraordinary book stand, design by architect Tadao Ando, stands on an antique table over four metres long. It is the 'altar' to the breathtaking photography of Sebastião Salgado. This is a sacred work.

Read the full version on taschen.com

SHARE YOUR PASSION FOR TASCHEN!

Small or SUMO, chic or saucy, vintage or hot off the press, talk us through the TASCHEN titles that won your heart or changed your life.



Opposite: Supercollector René Rousseau with the book that made him fall in love with TASCHEN. **Top:** In touch with Vanessa—sweet memories from younger and more vulnerable days. **Right:** The centrepiece of the library is the eight-metre long display case with deep, built-in drawers.

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“TASCHEN is a miracle of taste in publishing… They consistently maintain incredible quality in content and style, documenting both the present and the past in an indispensable way.”
—Matt Weiner

CHEN

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